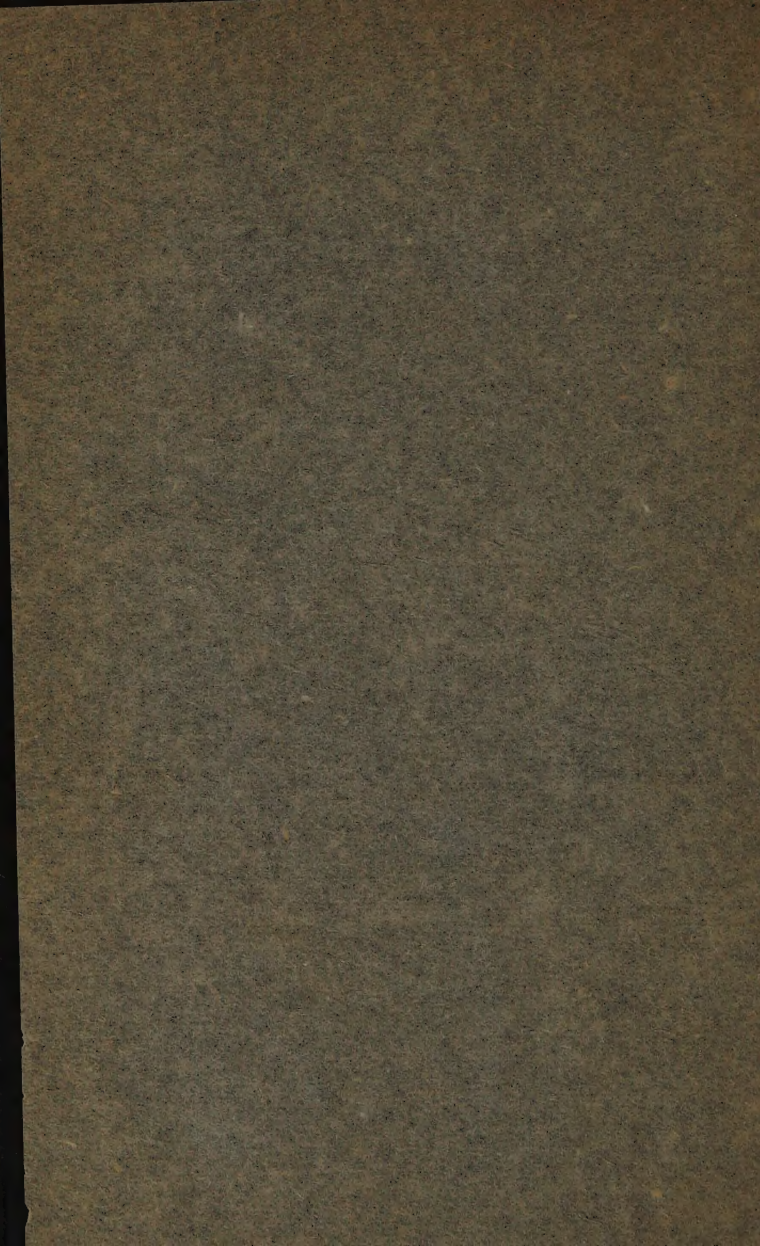


S. M. Marsh for
W. Oldfield - 1915.



L. Daniels



ALDERSHOT:

A RECORD

OF

Mrs. Daniell's Work amongst Soldiers,

AND ITS SEQUEL.

BY HER DAUGHTER.

"To Queen, to Country, but oh! most to Thee,
My life to give, Who gav'st Thy life for me."

London:

HODDER AND STOUGHTON,

27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

—
MDCCCLXXIX.

Hazell, Watson, and Viney, Printers, London and Aylesbury.

TO
MR. ROBERT BAXTER,
IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE
OF NUMBERLESS ACTS OF KINDNESS
TO THE WORK AND THE WORKERS,
TO THE DEAD AND TO THE LIVING.

P R E F A C E .

“**B**EGUN, continued, and ended in Thee.” So run the words of one of our Collects, and I think I may take them as the key-note of this little book.

Some two months or more ago I was thinking much over my annual report, and wondering what different points of the work I should take up ; when one day, whilst praying about it, the thought came to me, “ Do not write a report, but just give a sketch of the work from the first. So many people know nothing about its beginning, nor how it is carried on.” So the first page or two had been written with this in view, when a letter came from a dear friend, the writer of the beautiful “flower letters” for soldiers. In it she suggested the same thought, very earnestly pressing it upon me as likely to be of service. This seemed such

a confirmation of my design that I could not but feel the matter to be of God. The continual claims of my work, which are just now more than usually heavy, have prevented my giving as much time to it as I should have liked ; but such as it is I send it forth.

It had long been in my heart to give some little record of my mother, and I feel that this could hardly be done more fittingly than by thus tracing the history of that which is her real and best memorial.

May God the Holy Spirit use this book to stir up many to follow her as she followed Christ.

MISSION HALL, ALDERSHOT,

13th May, 1879.

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The Camp.

“ Whose are the martial tents that crowd the way
Where all was waste and silent yesterday?
This City of War, which in a few short hours
Hath sprung up here, as if by magic powers? ”

CHAPTER I.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago Aldershot was a small obscure country village, numbering scarcely six hundred inhabitants, a mere handful of thatched cottages clustered to right and left of the picturesque old parish church and parsonage.

The landscape around is all of the loveliest, broken with ridges of low hills, dense plantations of fir trees, and wide stretches of open moorland, fragrant in their season with gorse and heather.

Away on the further side of the town, running under the range of "Cæsar's Camp" and "Hungry Hill," stretches the "Long Valley," a place of wild, almost eerie, desolation, though with a beauty all its own of form and colour, and celebrated now in the annals of Aldershot as the scene of many a dusty battle and bloodless victory. Looking away again beyond the village, the eye rests upon the long ridge of the Hog's Back, which lies between the towns of Guildford and Farnham, ending abruptly just before it reaches the latter in the higher fir-crowned Hill of Crooksbury.

In 1854 came the Crimean War, quickly followed by the horrors of the Indian Mutiny, and during this period a good deal of the land about a mile away from the village was purchased by Government for the purpose of forming a "permanent camp of instruction."

Acres of gorse and heather were soon burnt down, fir woods cleared away, and upon the open space rose street after street of the dreary black huts which formed "the Camp."

Then below the hill on which the camp stands were erected the huge blocks of the "permanent barracks" for cavalry, artillery, and infantry. Close up to these, with nothing but a roadway between, comes the town itself, a mass of irregularly-built houses, dotted down without any apparent idea of order or plan, unless it might be how near they could get to the Government ground. By degrees this town has extended itself all the way back to the village again.

In a few years the population had increased from 600 to 7000, and the camp numbered from 12,000 to 18,000 soldiers.

Such was the place to which my mother came in 1862, and here her mission work for soldiers began.

But before entering into the details of this work, I must tell how God led her first into the field of active service; and to do this I must go back for a few years.

Village Missions.

“ Slowly moves the march of ages,
Slowly grows the forest king,
Slowly to perfection cometh
Every great and glorious thing.

“ Broadest streams from narrowest sources,
Noblest trees from meanest seeds,
Mighty ends from small beginnings,
From lowly promise, lofty deeds.

“ Acorns which the winds have scattered
Future navies may provide ;
Thoughts at midnight whispered lowly
Prove a people's future guide.”

CHAPTER II.

IT was in the summer of 1857 that my dear mother was led to take an interest in the spiritual welfare of some villages near our old home in one of the midland counties. She had been for months laid aside by such serious and depressing illness that more than once we thought she would be taken from us.

One day the post brought a letter from an old friend, asking if we would receive her little girl on the way to visit a former nurse at P——, a place which she mentioned as though well known to us. An immediate reply was sent, to the effect that we should be very happy to receive the child, but that we thought there must be some mistake in the name of the village, as we had never heard of it. However, the name proved to be right, and in due course the little girl came and was sent on to her destination. This slight incident was the first link in the chain which brought my mother into contact with a place of which she had never previously even heard.

Feeling too weak to undertake a long journey in

search of the change she so much needed, it occurred to her to ask if lodgings could be found at P——, where she could spend a few weeks gaining strength in the pure country air before proceeding further. This was easily accomplished, and in a short time we were settled in the village. She rallied with wonderful rapidity, and soon set about inquiring into the moral and spiritual condition of the people. A dark picture was drawn. The living had been sequestered for ten years; none of the usual agencies were at work, such as district visiting, tract distribution, or Bible-classes. One service in the National Schoolroom on Sunday evening, and one at a small Dissenting Chapel, were all the means of grace provided, save the regular service of the Parish Church in an adjoining village, which many from age and infirmity could not attend; while many of the strong and healthy, finding no interest taken in their well-being, were utterly reckless and hardened. The first thing was to write for a supply of tracts, and with these silent messengers we began a course of domestic visitation, which soon showed that, dark as was the picture which had been drawn, the reality was far darker. Ignorance and poverty, vice and suffering, were met at every turn. The sick lay unvisited and uncheered, the guilty unwarned, and the dying unprepared for their awful change.

The great thought was how to reach the largest number. With this view my mother began a series of cottage readings—for which many, it is hoped, will have cause to bless God through all eternity. The attendance on the second Sunday had greatly increased, the attention deepened and intensified. New truths were being unfolded to them in language and ideas suited to their own modes of thought and measure of comprehension. The effect was most gratifying. One old man in particular drew her attention: his whole soul seemed visible in his countenance, the tears again and again defying his efforts to restrain them. At the close of the reading she spoke personally to him; when to her amazement he said,—

“I won’t hide it from you, ma’am—I am a MORMON.”

Concealing as far as possible her dismay, she replied,—

“Well, my friend, I hope you will soon find a more excellent way.”

She often recalled his look of earnest severity as he fixed his glistening eyes upon her and said,—

“Ma’am, I am over seventy-four, and have lived in this parish more than twenty-eight years; but no one before you ever told me I had a soul to be saved, except our prophet. Eighteen months ago he baptized me, and *made me a Christian.*”

To have argued with such a man under such circumstances would have been folly ; the Word that had been just read had taken hold upon him, and thankfully it was left in the hands of that most blessed Spirit whose office it is to convince of sin, and to lead the poor helpless soul to Jesus the sinner's Friend. Others among that little assembly, their eyes still moistened with tears, bore the same testimony to their neglected state ; so that the wonder was that this fearful Mormon delusion had not ensnared many more.

Every succeeding Sunday showed the importance of the work begun, and as time sped by the problem arose how best to maintain and deepen the interest which had been so unexpectedly excited. No gentleman's family was resident in the village to whom Mrs. Daniell could turn for help in this little home missionary work ; and the only person we heard of as likely to carry it on was a tradesman's wife, just then in the first depths of sorrow for the loss of an only daughter who had fallen asleep in Jesus. To this childless mother she introduced herself, and pleaded with her in the name of her sainted child to arouse herself from her grief, and come to the help of the Lord among the many hundreds around her who were truly as sheep without a shepherd. At first she shrank from the task, pleading her inability ; but my mother urged upon her that a life of active

usefulness was the very thing to allay her grief, and thank God, the plea succeeded.

The next Sunday, being the last of our stay in the village, it was arranged for this new helper to attend the cottage reading, that she might see and judge for herself as to the work that would devolve upon her. At the close of the little service, while their hearts were softened by the parting appeal that had been made to them from God's holy Word, my mother asked, as they stood round, if they would prove the gratitude they had so often expressed by receiving the friend she had asked to supply her place, and from Sunday to Sunday meet her to read the same blessed truths which she had so earnestly pressed upon them. A cheerful assent was given, and the next day amid many tears and prayers we left. Both tracts and books were put under Mrs. V——'s care, and a promise was made that every alternate Sunday a letter should be addressed to these little cottage gatherings in the same simple and unreserved strain which had been adopted when reading to them.

In November we paid a second visit to P—— for a single Sunday. Many a tear testified to the power of that Word they were again permitted to read together. At the close Mrs. Daniell proposed to the young girls to learn the portion of Scripture which had been read, and repeat it during the week

to Mrs. V——. The suggestion was received with such evident pleasure, that the proposal was made to them to do this every week, with the promise that, the next time my mother was able to come over, each girl should receive a new Bible. From this proposition an industrial evening class sprang up, which proved a blessing to many of their families, for friends gave left-off clothing, which the girls, after the portion of Scripture had been repeated, were taught to mend and to make.

The boys soon asked to be allowed to meet in the same way, each learning his weekly portion. They began a Savings' Bank, which was encouraged by sending a small contribution to each boy. The Religious Tract Society kindly gave a supply of tracts, which were soon in active circulation, and regularly exchanged once a week.

What was done at P—— excited an inquiring spirit in two of the adjoining villages, and the letters written expressly for the little assembly at the cottage were borrowed for reading in the other hamlets. Four shillings were subscribed at one of them for the purchase of tracts, and a request made for help in arranging their distribution.

The poor old Mormon renounced Mormonism, as he told the "Elder" who came to see what had become of him, "for EVER," adding with firm con-

fidence, "I have found what is far more blessed to my soul;" while to Mrs. Daniell the grateful old man sent the message, "Tell her I pray for her by name every morning and night, and many times a day." The letter she addressed to him congratulating him on his public renunciation of his Mormonite profession gave him intense pleasure. After hearing it read over twice, he asked the bearer to call sometimes and read it again, for "It is worth reading forty times!"

Thus my dear mother was led on, step by step, "by the good hand" of our God upon her, the circle of labour widening, just as we have seen the ripple extend from the first dip of the pebble as it flew from the hand. But still she felt something more must be done to keep pace with the success God had so lovingly granted. Her heart was set on placing a Scripture Reader in the village, to labour there and in the adjacent hamlets. This desire she was soon permitted to realize. Within a few months after her first visit, God so touched the hearts of many of His people that, in response to a short appeal, she received funds sufficient to place an earnest man to labour in the district. His success was beyond her expectation, and a room for the meetings was called for. God blessed this effort also, and on Easter Monday, 1860, a comfortable Mission Reading Room was opened, at the

cost of above £400.* The library for this room, and a beautiful set of full-sized maps for the walls, were given by two friends. The opening services were conducted by Robert Baxter, Esq., and were well attended. The work continued to increase. Often as many as three hundred were gathered in the new reading room, and open-air meetings in other villages were equally well attended.

In the meantime God had given her the means to support another missionary for the low lodging-houses in Rugby, through which 14,000 tramps and vagrants passed yearly. She was, moreover, enabled to help with the salary of a third agent; and in August 1860, a few months after the opening of the reading room, a fourth mission was commenced to another sadly-neglected parish.

Between the first and last established there was a painfully curious similarity. Both livings had been sequestered; and in both, besides the utter neglect and spiritual destitution already mentioned, there was great danger from the fact that, in one instance the heir, and in the second the actual possessor of much of the property of the place, were perverts to Romanism. In the second of these parishes the circumstances were peculiarly

* In all this she was much cheered by the active sympathy and co-operation of the nobleman who owned most of the adjacent property, and who delighted in the success of her work.

sad. Some time after the mission had been established, the term of sequestration (twenty years) came to an end. We were told that the unhappy vicar returned to his parish, and arriving late on Saturday night, went to the public-house, the habit of a lifetime being, alas ! unbroken. The landlady, thinking it was some wretched tramp, ordered him out, when to her overwhelming surprise he informed her that he was her clergyman, come to minister to her and the rest of the parish on the following day ! The sequel of the story is almost too dreadful to be believed. Much to our distress, we heard shortly afterwards that the poor man had suddenly dropped down dead while drinking in a gin palace in London.

But to return to the establishment of the fourth mission. No cottage could contain half or a tenth part of the numbers that pressed to attend the missionary's services ; after much prayer and consultation with a beloved helper—now in heaven—it was decided to get a builder in the parish to erect a reading room at his own expense, my mother engaging to take it on lease. The offer was accepted, and on the 18th October, 1861, the opening services were conducted by the late Rev. W. Pennefather, the present Bishop of Ballaret, S. A. Blackwood, Esq., and others. It was a time never to be forgotten by those present ; the room, calculated to

hold about three hundred, was densely crowded, while outside the numbers were even greater than within !

The beginning of that same year (1861) witnessed the starting of a fifth mission—the one at Ventnor. In this last the agent employed was a Bible-woman. Her efforts were much blessed, and the mothers' meeting in connection with this work was most specially encouraging ; it increased rapidly to as many as one hundred and thirty members. An afternoon Bible and sewing and writing class was begun for young women. Here also the mission room (three small rooms thrown into one) was fitted up as a nightly reading room for the working men, who were met one evening in the week for reading and prayer.

Three out of these five missions are still continued, two of them in connection with the Aldershot work, and their efficient maintenance is most important, on account of the Romanising influences which are so continually brought to bear upon the people. In the one case the property has passed into the hands of the perverts to Romanism, and in the other the Roman Catholic family who had been for some time absent have again come into residence. The work of the missions still goes on. Only a few days ago I received a letter from Mrs. V——. She writes:—

“I often wish you could look into the Mission Room on a Monday afternoon. I feel sure you would be glad to see such a number of tidy mothers at work, looking so contented and happy. Twenty-five were there yesterday afternoon, and that has been the average weekly attendance this year. There are now forty-one members on the list. Nearly all met together at our February tea meeting, and a very enjoyable day it was. The mothers all desire to express their gratitude to you for the kind help you give them.” (This refers to the little bonus on their clothing club savings.) “It certainly is a great benefit to their families. The women like to sing. They generally sing three hymns. We are now reading the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress;’ they like it much.”

In connection with the mission at Ventnor, which some time before her death Mrs. Daniell gave up into the hands of a committee, we had a wonderful testimony to God’s faithfulness and His overruling providence. My mother and I had so often longed in our work at Ventnor for a larger room for the mothers’ meeting, a reading room for the men, missionary’s residence, etc.; and there was one particular spot upon which we had set our hearts, nearly opposite our old mission room, which was just in the very centre of all our poor people. How well I remember, in our constant visits to that street, our saying to each other over and over again,—“Oh, if we could only get that piece of

ground and build ! That would be the very place for us."

Time passed on; we were absent for a year or two from Ventnor, but still the desire for a Mission room for the place never left our minds. At last my mother heard that some funds which had been collected by a dear friend for the erection of a church there, had, through some complication in his affairs, been thrown into Chancery. Circumstances had now rendered this building unnecessary, and it suggested itself to her and to others what a blessing it would prove if she could recover the money and build with it the Workman's Hall. Proverbially it is no easy matter to rescue funds from "the fangs of Chancery," and in this instance there were difficulties that seemed to render the matter more than usually hopeless. However, she set to work with earnest prayer for God's blessing and guidance. Letters were written to all the subscribers whose names and addresses could be procured, and most signally did He crown her efforts with success. When the letter came from the lawyer who kindly acted for her, saying, "I am happy to inform you that your unique appeal has been complied with," we felt, as the Psalmist says, "like those who dream," for the surprise quite equalled the joy. But this was not the whole of the Lord's goodness to us in the matter. Does He not give good measure, pressed

down and running over? On our return to Ventnor, we found that in the meantime "our piece of ground" was just "let for building purposes," and two cottages were rapidly rising upon it. How we had looked and longed for that ground in days that were past! and now we were often quite cast down as we passed and repassed, feeling that we had, as it were, only just lost it. But GOD's ways are not as our ways. Only a few months later my mother heard from one of her co-trustees to the following effect:—

"A few days ago it came to Major R.'s ears that the two parties who were building the cottages had fallen out, and wished to put them up to auction to divide the money. The cottages are built as if they had been designed for our purpose, and with a little alteration in the interior will be just what could be desired, with rooms also for the missionary. The sale was to take place yesterday, and both Mr. G. and myself coincided with Major R. that we could do no other than try and be the purchasers. To me it seemed a most marked leading of Providence, and we met yesterday to pray for the guidance of God in this matter. There was great competition, especially from one party, but at last K., who had been deputed to bid by Major R., triumphed, and God answered our prayers,—and may we not say the prayers of dear Mr. Levingston?" (the original collector of the money). "The cost was £400, and £10 auctioneer's fees."

Thus did God give us the desire of our hearts.

But perhaps it may be asked, "What has all this to do with the work at Aldershot and the other Soldiers' Homes?" The answer is, "It was in this gradual way that God led my dear mother out to work; and it was also through the establishment of the village missions that she was brought into contact with the Country Towns Mission Society, through which she always engaged her agents; and it was the gentleman then acting as Secretary of that Society who first pressed Aldershot upon her notice, and entreated her to take it up and work it in the same way as her existing Mission Stations."

But this account had better be given in her own words, as she told it at the Barnet Conference in 1863, sitting in the door of one of the tents.

My Mother's Story.

"I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it."

CHAPTER III.

“ONE day a gentleman connected with the Country Towns Mission, at the close of an interview respecting my village missions, said, ‘I wish you would adopt Aldershot.’ I had been praying for some weeks, ‘Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?’ for each summer of the four previous years we had begun a new mission; but the idea of adopting Aldershot seemed so strange that I laughed at the suggestion. ‘How could I go to such a place, and what could I do there?’ An inward voice however said, ‘That is the work for which you have been praying!’ Still I hesitated, but resolved to mention it to my daughter, who was at that time ill, but who had been of essential service to me in carrying on my village missions.

“I had feared that these missions had been occupying too much of my time, and expected that my daughter would have made this an objection to such an addition of labour as the adoption of Aldershot would involve. But on my mentioning it to her, the reply was, ‘Oh, mother dear, as a soldier’s

daughter, that is just what I should like.' Thus the way seemed to be opening. I said, 'Well, let us pray about it, and if the Lord clearly leads us to undertake it, we will do so.'

"A proposal was made that I should draw up a paper for the *Country Towns Mission Magazine*; but I was unable to find time for this. Just at this time a letter suddenly recalled me to Ventnor, which obliged me to decide on leaving town at five o'clock on Monday the 11th, the day before Christian friends were to assemble at Barnet for the Conference. At eleven o'clock the night before, I sat down to write a letter to Mr. Pennefather, which I left with my daughter, saying, 'Look that over, and if it will do, send it to the printer, get a proof-sheet, and let the letter meet me at Barnet on Wednesday.'

"This letter was as follows:—

"*'London, August 10th, 1862.*

"*'MY DEAR FRIEND,—In a visit on mission business which Mr. ——— paid me last Monday, he pressed me "to adopt Aldershot" as a new field for missionary labour. The arguments used to induce me to take up such a notorious place were,—*

"*'First, the success God has granted to each of the other missions; and secondly, my once very close connection with a soldier's life. Will these two facts carry weight in your mind in reference to this special work? I*

frankly confess they had their weight with me, and I promised, subject to certain conditions, to undertake it. One of these conditions to be the general approval of my Christian friends, to be shown by their continued confidence in me, as regards the means with which to undertake and carry on such a work.

“ ‘ If I know anything of my own heart, I am ready to say to every call of the Master, “ Here am I, send me ; ” but then we must be careful not to mistake the voice of partial friends for the Master’s call. I believe when the Lord calls His people to any particular work, He makes their way quite plain, though not always quite smooth, before them ; at least, this has been eminently the case in the four missions that I have been permitted to establish ; and now I am asking dear friends to help me to lay this new work before Him. He knows the deep need there is of such a mission ; and knows also the weakness and inefficiency of the instrument sought for to establish it ; and what I want you and other friends to pray for at the Conference is, not that I may be permitted to commence the work, but rather that I may be kept from taking any steps in the matter unless He has chosen me to this honour.

“ ‘ So much has been written of Aldershot, that it is unnecessary for me to enter into the loathsome details of the unblushing vice that tracks the everyday path of the poor soldier. A Christian officer, who has been there for two years, told a friend on the 17th of last month that nothing that was ever said of the abounding wickedness could go beyond the reality.

“ ‘ Something therefore ought to be done over and above what may yet have been attempted ; for it is still most truly “ one of Satan’s strongholds.” But, dear friend, we know that Jesus was manifested to destroy the works of the devil. If the time to favour Aldershot be come, some loving voice will bid me God-speed, and some loving hands be stretched out to help forward the mission. I feel thankful my attention has been called to the place just now, as I am sure, during the hallowed season of the Conference, you will enlist the sympathies and prayers of our beloved Christian friends for the success of the work.

“ ‘ The number of troops stationed at Aldershot during the summer is estimated at from 12,000 to 24,000. For this number Government provides four chaplains, one Presbyterian minister, and two Roman Catholic priests. The Soldier’s Friend Society has four Scripture readers. Taking the whole of this agency, and supposing it to be of the most efficient kind, it is about one agent to every 2,000. But this is only within the camp. Outside there are above a hundred public-houses, some with dancing-saloons and other arrangements, by which these wretched panderers to vice entrap the unwary ; and the moment the poor soldier, tired with the forced inaction of camp life, sets his foot beyond the lines, his case seems desperate. Now it is in the midst of this mass of iniquity that the proper mission work is needed ; and if God should bless my efforts, I propose to locate a missionary and a Bible-woman there. Try to interest God’s children in the work. I have seen, I think, a suitable Bible-woman and missionary. Oh that God may show His own people the

importance of such a mission! All hearts are in His hands, and He can dispose them as He pleases.

“ ‘The Barnet Conference of 1860 was the cradle of the Hilmorton Mission, which has been so greatly blessed. May the Conference of 1862 be the cradle of as successful a mission to the camp and town of Aldershot! Do not in the devotional exercises forget to ask special prayer. “All things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.” I shall long to hear what you think on the subject, and to have your advice as to the propriety of undertaking the work.

“ ‘Believe me, very affectionately yours,

“ ‘L. D.’

“Copies of this letter were circulated among the friends at the Barnet Conference (1862), and a portion of it read by Mr. Pennefather, before making it the subject of special prayer. Many friends at once said, ‘Oh, if you begin a mission at Aldershot, we shall be so glad to help you.’ I wrote to the Earl of —, who had assisted me every year in my other missions. He sent me a cheque for £32, and said how glad he was I had thought of such a place.

“Thus I seemed committed to the work, but knew no more how to begin it than a child. I asked one friend if she would accompany me to Aldershot, but she had set her heart on going with me to my village missions near Rugby, and was

sure her mother would not spare her for both places. I had been invited by Mrs. — to visit her at Brighton, but had declined on account of going to Aldershot. At length, however, I agreed to spend with her the last fortnight in August. One day I said to this dear friend, ‘Won’t *you* go with me to Aldershot?’ She replied, ‘Oh, no, I couldn’t go.’ I lifted up my heart to God, and said, ‘Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst incline her to go.’ During my visit to this lady, I was begged to lead the worship in the family, and in reading the 3rd chapter of the Revelation, that verse was specially given to me, ‘Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it.’ I asked different friends to plead that promise in relation to the proposed work at Aldershot, feeling so trembling and weak, and so unequal to the undertaking. A few days after, taking the hand of my friend, I said,—

“‘I have told my daughter I hoped you would go with me to Aldershot.’

“To my surprise, she said, with tears, ‘My dear, I am going.’

“‘Are you really?’ said I. ‘Thank God! What has decided you?’

“‘Oh, that verse, “Behold I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it.”’

“I could not answer a word. In every letter I had written during the week, I had asked my

friends to plead this promise ; and surely the Lord having, by this word, inclined my friend's heart to go with me, was a pledge that He was going to bless.

“ Another step in the way was this. I knew no one at Aldershot, and was quite in the dark with whom first to communicate respecting my design, when I received a letter from a lady in Scotland, saying, ‘ I am sure you will be delighted to know that Dr. —— is at Aldershot.’ How wonderful ! Here was the ‘ open door.’ I immediately wrote to Dr. ——, telling him of my intention, saying, ‘ I have heard that you are at Aldershot ; if so, write to me by return of post.’ He replied, ‘ Come at once. We leave on September 6th’ (it was now the end of August), adding, ‘ You must not go into the camp.’

“ Accordingly the next day we both started. We never thought of going into the camp. Dr. ——, with a friend, met us in a carriage, and we asked him,—

“ ‘ Where are you going to drive us ?’

“ ‘ To the camp,’ he replied.

“ ‘ Why, I thought you said we were not to go there.’

“ ‘ Oh,’ said he, ‘ you are invited by the chaplain to tea, and after that to a soldiers’ prayer-meeting.’

“ As we drove through the town, and observed its extent, my heart sank within me. What were *we*

among so many? After tea we went to the prayer-meeting. The soldiers had heard a rumour of the intention of a lady to endeavour to do something for them, and they now prayed the Lord to bless her efforts. At the close of the meeting the officers said to my friend,—

“‘Do ask Mrs. Daniell to tell the men her object.’

“I turned round in my seat, and said, ‘Well, dear friends, it must seem very strange for two ladies to come thus amongst you. I have been asked and the Lord has laid it on my heart to do something for the soldiers here, but we want your help, and we know it was never said that a lady appealed to a BRITISH soldier for help in vain. Will you come forward and help us? for we cannot do without you. *We* have need of you, and the Lord hath need of you. Let me press on you the exhortation of St. Paul, “I beseech you, therefore, by the mercies of God, that ye *present* your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service.” Don’t think anything has been gained while one soul remains unsaved in this camp. Let us go forth bearing the reproach of Jesus, and if scorned of men, reply, “If this is to be vile, I will be yet more vile, so that He be glorified.”’ In this strain I talked to them for twenty minutes.

“After I had done, all came round me, and said how thankfully they would help in every way they could ; and even before a word was spoken, I saw by their countenances that I had not asked their help in vain.

“One of the Scripture readers also came and begged me to take his Bible-class on Sunday ; to which I replied that if I could do so without infringing any military regulations it would give me pleasure. Accordingly on Sunday I attended his Bible-class, and the Lord blessed His Word to a poor backslider, who was restored and still remains faithful. In the evening Dr. — brought in four officers, who joined us in prayer for a blessing on our efforts.

“On Monday several friends called at the hotel where we were staying,—the vicar, chaplain, etc., to whom we said that from our hearts we desired to work *with*, and not against, those who were engaged in the same Master's service in the place, although we could not put ourselves *under their control*.

“On Tuesday we went out, looking for lodgings. Mrs. — said we must get a place to work in ; for the first glance at the low public-houses and dancing-saloons told us that the great want of the place was a PUBLIC-house opened for different purposes, and conducted on totally different principles from those already abounding ; a house to which

both soldier and civilian might be invited to pass those seasons of leisure now spent in the pursuit of pleasures which only debased the mind and hardened the heart. But I dreaded the idea of bricks and mortar. We inquired, however, about some houses which were in progress of building, and found that none of them were for sale; but our informant gave us the name of a gentleman who owned a good deal of land, and was interested in the place.

“On our return to the hotel we found a letter, telling us that two of the friends who had joined us in prayer on the Sunday evening would call in the afternoon to take us for a drive through the camp, and after tea would return with us to our hotel for Bible-reading. When the carriage came, I asked that, instead of going through the camp, we might go a mile or two in the country to see the gentleman who had been named to us in the morning.

“On arriving at the house, the officers remained in the carriage, while my friend and I went in to state the purpose of our visit. Having introduced ourselves, Mrs. — said we had come for the purpose of establishing a mission at Aldershot, and hoped he would be willing to help us.

“I added, ‘We have heard that you are kindly disposed, and have come to ask your advice and help in procuring a piece of land for the erection of a Mission Hall,’—giving him, at the same time, a

running description of my village missions; and concluding by saying that before asking him to interest himself in our project, he should understand that it would be quite distinct from any sect or party, and would not be placed under the control of any clergyman or minister, but would stand upon perfectly neutral and independent ground, as all my other missions did.

“The gentleman replied, ‘If these are your principles, ma’am, I shall be delighted to help you.’

“I then asked him if he had a piece of land which would be suitable, and if he would sell it to us at a low price. Mr. — expressed his readiness to do so; and the evident interest which his countenance evinced led me to say, without premeditation, and as it were in joke,—

“‘Perhaps, Mr. —, you will *give* us a piece of land?’

“‘Well, ma’am,’ he replied, ‘I will do so with pleasure.’

“I was perfectly astounded, and said, ‘What! give us a piece of land? Do I understand you aright?’

“‘Yes, quite. I am sure you are working on the right principle, and I shall be happy to give you the ground.’

“I tapped at the window, and beckoned our friends to come in, and on their entering, said,—

“‘Dr. —, Mr. — offers to *give* us a piece of land.’

“The response to this was a look which seemed to say, ‘You have surely lost your senses.’ Interpreting it thus, I appealed to Mr. —, ‘Did you not say you would *give* us the land?’

“‘Certainly,’ he replied; ‘and I shall be happy to wait on you, and take you to see two or three plots from which to choose your site.’

“We left with hearts full of praise to God, and feeling that He was indeed fulfilling His word, ‘Behold I have set before thee an *open* door.’

“On returning, we drove through the camp, taking tea in Dr. —’s tent, and after tea returned again to the hotel, where the officers met us for Bible-reading, or rather said they did not intend to have their usual reading meeting, but wished me to speak to them; and if ever God helped me to speak to the hearts of men it was that night. I spoke only of Jesus and of our duty to serve Him, saying we were doing nothing for Him until we were *taking up our cross* daily and following Him; that I wanted all to be so occupied with the need of dying souls as to be unable to see the difficulties in the way—to act like the man who, seeing a vessel wrecked upon the coast, persisted, though repeatedly baffled, in his apparently fruitless attempts to rescue the men, who, amidst the

raging storm, still clung to the rigging; and who to all the persuasions of his friends and the taunts of foolhardiness from those less brave than himself, replied, 'I see nothing but the men in the rigging.' After I had spoken I asked them to pray; and if you could have heard their brokenness of heart! Some told the Lord they had been living to themselves, but that by His grace they would go from that room to do and dare anything for Him, not counting their lives dear unto them; but would witness in camp and town that Jesus is the one and all-sufficient Saviour. And they have never flinched. Satan has raged; there has been opposition, as might have been expected, but the work has proceeded; and if no further result had been obtained than the quickening of these Christian officers to work for their Lord, a blessing would have been gained of which we cannot estimate the worth.

"On Thursday evening we were taken to a school in the New Town, where from thirty to forty soldiers were gathered together. After singing 'Lord, I hear of showers of blessing,' one of the officers prayed. I then spoke to the men as I had already spoken to their officers, concluding by saying, 'We do not want fair-weather Christians, so don't give me any promise now; but if after consideration and prayer you resolve to help on the

Lord's work here, through evil report and good report, how gratefully shall we accept such service.' A few days afterwards, a joint letter was written by several of these men, in which they said, 'Others may give their thoughts and time and talents, but the men that write this letter, ma'am, give you their hearts.'

"The following day Mr. ——— most kindly fulfilled his promise to show us the plots of ground which he thought suitable. As we came to one open space, I asked to whom it belonged. He replied, 'That is mine, and is one of the pieces I intended to show you.'

"'Oh,' said I, 'my friend has been looking at that spot, and has set her heart upon it.' Mr. ——— replied that we were welcome to that piece, but he had two other plots to show us, and would rather we reserved our decision until we had seen them.

"We came to another piece, preferable to the former, and when he pointed it out, I said, 'But you don't intend to give us this?'

"He replied, 'Yes, ma'am, that is at your service, if you choose it; but I should wish you not to decide till you have seen the third piece.'

"We went on farther, and again stopped, when he said, 'This is the other piece.' I turned round with grateful surprise and said, 'Surely you do not intend to offer us this piece for our Mission Hall?'

“‘Yes, I do,’ he replied; ‘if this meets your wishes, it is yours.’

“‘Thank God!’ said I, taking his hand. ‘It is not given to me, but to Him; and believe me, if there is one gift, in that fast on-coming day, of which you will never repent, it is the ground on which we are now standing. It is the Lord’s, and so far as human law can make it, shall be consecrated to His work for ever!’

“I gave him references to friends in London, but I afterwards found that he had not applied to them. Was not this ‘an open door’? We had not been in his house ten minutes before the Lord inclined this gentleman’s heart towards us. And it will always be so; our GOD wants whole-hearted devotedness to Him, and if we yield ourselves unreservedly to His service, He will make all obstacles disappear. And now, with a heart full of thankfulness, I commend the giver of that piece of land to your prayers.

“In October, a house was taken and fitted up for the purposes of the Mission, and also as a daily reading-room, in which meetings of various kinds are held.

“Before deciding to open this house for a Sunday evening service, I had interviews with several friends,—Mr. Baxter, Captain Fishbourne, Lord Radstock, and others, each of whom kindly pro-

mised to share these weekly services. Lord Radstock was the first to help on the Mission in this way, and long will that first visit be remembered. The rooms were crowded, and thus have they continued ever since. The day after the foundation-stone was laid, Mr. Blackwood went down and gave the Thursday evening address, which was much enjoyed by both the officers and men. We have now a regular Thursday evening as well as Tuesday evening service in the Mission House. Mothers' Meetings, and Sewing Classes for the poor soldiers' wives who are living out of barracks, have also been begun. In addition to these, a Young Men's Christian Association has been formed, and a Sunday afternoon Bible-class, which is presided over by an officer of earnest piety."

The Hall.

“Behold, the heaven and heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee; how much less this house that I have builded.”

CHAPTER IV.

A PUBLIC-HOUSE without the drink! That was the problem to be solved,—a place which would attract both soldier and civilian from “the low and debasing pleasures Satan’s votaries spread for them on all sides.” Mrs. Daniell’s desire was “to erect a Mission Hall, on a similar plan to the Workman’s Hall at Notting Hill, with lecture-room, reading-room, coffee and smoking-rooms, together with bath-rooms, and residence for the missionary staff.” Some slight modifications were made; yet the idea as a whole was carried out, and on February 11th, 1863, the foundation-stone of the new building was laid by the Earl of Shaftesbury. A large number of friends came from a distance, as well as from the camp and town, to witness the ceremony.

After prayer by the Rev. James Dennett, then Incumbent of Aldershot, the following hymn was sung, accompanied by one of the regimental bands :—

“This stone to Thee in faith we lay;
We build this temple, Lord, to Thee :

Thine eye be open night and day
To guard this House and sanctuary.
When here Thy people see Thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear Thou in heaven Thy dwelling-place,
And when Thou hearest, Lord, forgive."

After laying the stone, Lord Shaftesbury said (as reported in the papers):—

"It is necessary to give a word of caution—not to those who have undertaken the charge of this establishment, but to remind those standing here—in reference to its object, that it is for social recreation, for religious instruction, for the purpose of communicating to every individual that knowledge which cannot be given on a large scale in camp. It is to give them access to the Fountain of faith, to put before them religious books, to give them access to religious services; but it is no part of its object whatever—and most careful will be the conductors of this establishment to avoid it—to enter upon controversial teaching. It is sufficient that the truths of the Gospel shall be placed before them in all free sincerity, and that every man shall have the opportunity, as far as can be given him, of seeking social and religious intercourse and of receiving and imparting instruction."

Lord Shaftesbury also powerfully repelled the objection that soldiers were a hopeless class, and that to attempt to Christianize them was merely the dream of pious enthusiasm. He appealed to facts, to

the lives of Christian soldiers whose names shone so brightly in the pages of history, and he appealed to the examples of true piety which are still the ornament of the British army. He recalled the letters from private soldiers in India during the fearful revolt which for a moment shook our Indian empire. These letters were not intended for publication, but they showed the Christian spirit of the men who turned the tide of war and re-established Her Majesty's dominion. He appealed in like manner to the letters from private soldiers during the Crimean war, and to the evidence which these letters gave, that the prayer-meetings, the Bible-readings, and the religious intercourse of the soldiers helped to inspire these men with new endurance and with redoubled energy, whether in the dreary trenches of Sebastopol, or in the shock of battle. He concluded by saying :—

“ I do hope that those good and gallant men who shall come to this Institution to share in the blessings it is well calculated to afford, will come with a good and hearty spirit, determined to avail themselves of these signal advantages ; that they will turn to good account the short time they may be enabled to participate in all these great benefits, and recognise the hand of God which has touched the hearts of those good people who founded an institution so essential to their welfare.”

Lord Shaftesbury then read the names of the trustees,—Mrs. Daniell, Mrs. Fleming, Lord Henry Cholmondeley, the Honourable Arthur Kinnaird, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir E. F. Campbell, Bart., 60th Rifles, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Henry M. Havelock, Bart., Captain E. Gardner Fishbourne, R.N., C.B., Messrs. Stevenson A. Blackwood, John Halliday, Frederick Eggar, Robert Baxter,—and remarked that they were a goodly company. The ceremony of laying the foundation stone was over at three o'clock; afterwards a public luncheon was provided in the Assembly Rooms, followed by addresses from Lord Calthorpe, Rev. W. Pennefather, Captain Trotter, and Mr. Baxter. During the afternoon a prayer-meeting was held, and at six o'clock there was a public meeting, which many soldiers attended.

During that evening meeting the Word came home with power to at least one soul, who was, we believe, then added as a spiritual stone to the heavenly Temple.

Only a few weeks before, Mrs. Daniell had had a letter forwarded to her by Mr. Pennefather from a lady in Ireland, asking him if he could interest any Christians in Aldershot in her son. He was just going to join a cavalry regiment stationed there, and she was intensely anxious that he should be influenced for God. My mother's answer to Mr.

Pennefather was characteristic,—“Tell your dear friend not to be anxious. By God’s help I will throw a living cord around her son when he arrives at Aldershot, and seek to win him to Christ.”

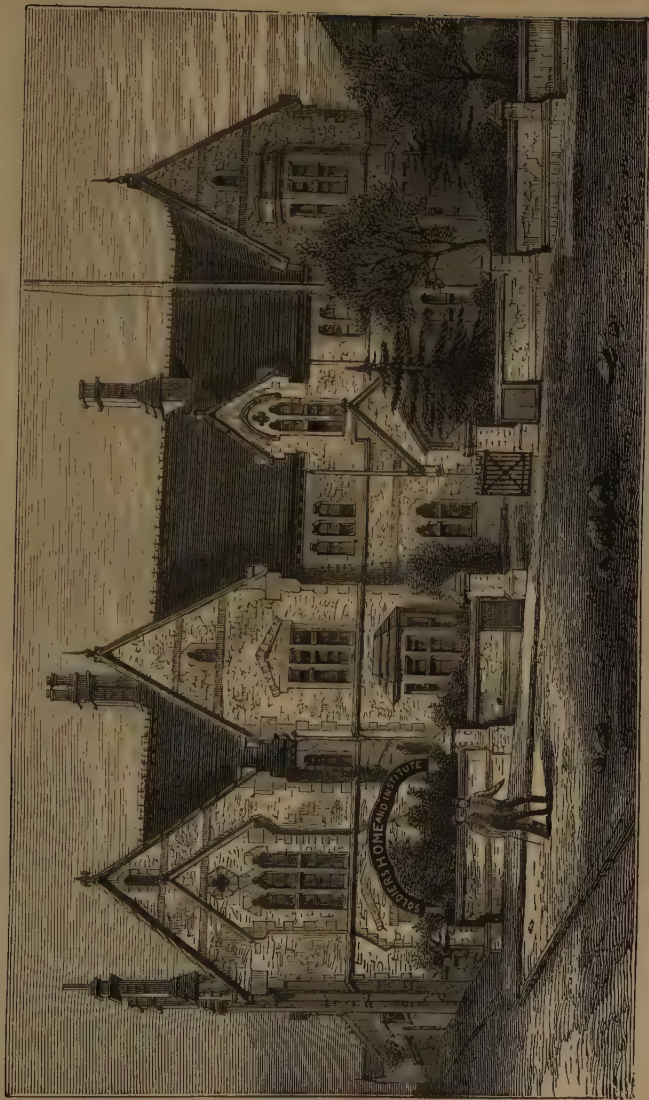
She also wrote a note to the young officer himself, that he might find a welcome on his arrival. There was some delay in his joining, so that it happened he did not call on my mother till the very day she was leaving for a while. Indeed, the cab was at the door and she was just going when Mr. B. was announced. After a few words of welcome and apology that she must needs hurry away, she spoke very earnestly to this effect:—“Mr. B., I am a mother myself, and I cannot tell you how anxious I feel for my son, nor how grateful I should be if any one would interest themselves in him; so you will pardon my speaking to you. But I do beg you that in the midst of all the temptations by which you will be surrounded,—and there will be not a few,—I do beg you never to forget the Great White Throne, and that you will have to stand before it.”

They parted; but those few words, “the Great White Throne,” remained fixed in his memory, and that few moments’ talk proved the turning point in his life, till at the evening meeting on the day the foundation stone was laid, he entered into peace, and learned that for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ

there was for him "no condemnation," and nothing to fear from coming judgment.

It was expected that the new buildings would be completed and opened in August, but the work did not proceed so rapidly as we hoped, so that it was not till October that we were fairly in possession. The opening was inaugurated by a week of special services, commencing on Sunday, October 11th. To Mrs. Daniell's great joy, many friends from a distance came down early enough on Saturday, the 10th, to join in the gathering for prayer at eight o'clock, thus fulfilling a hope that she had expressed in a letter some days before, that they should go "together as one dear family into the presence chamber of our one Father to lay the building at His feet and ask Him to take possession of it as His own, to fill it with His glory, and to make it the blessed birthplace of precious souls." Many well-known and highly-honoured workers met at this service of dedication. Many were the earnest pleadings that the goings of our God and King might there be seen, and most abundantly have these prayers been answered. Truly can we say after the lapse of all these years, "Praise ye the Lord. O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good : for His mercy endureth for ever."

During the week prayer-meetings were held every morning at 8 o'clock ; a meeting for prayer and



SOLDIERS' HOME AND INSTITUTE, ALDERSHOT.

addresses at 3 p.m., and again for addresses at 6.45 p.m.

Sunday, the 11th, we gathered in the large hall at 8 o'clock for prayers. In the evening the first address was given by dear Mr. Pennefather on the words, "And Enoch walked with God, and he was not, for God took him." The choice of subject was singularly characteristic of the beloved speaker, and fitted for the opening motto of a work through which we hoped and prayed many should learn the blessedness of this life of communion and fellowship. The Hall was filled to overflowing—indeed, numbers were unable to enter. The second address was given by Mr. Robert Baxter, who has been throughout the most faithful friend and supporter of the Mission in all its branches. All through the week the attendances were large, soldiers forming at every meeting the majority of the audience.

Perhaps it would be as well here to give some description of the Hall itself. It stands on high ground near the Cavalry Barracks. Of the exterior we need say but little, as our frontispiece gives a good representation. It is in the Elizabethan style of architecture; a pretty low-gabled building of grey Kentish ragstone, surmounted by sloping roofs of red and black tiles, and now in its older days covered with Virginia and other creepers. Over the porch runs the inscription,—“Our God, we thank

Thee, for all things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee " (1 Chron. xxix. 13, 14). Passing through the porch the large hall is seen straight in front. It is of beautiful proportions, thirty feet by seventy, comfortably fitted up with chairs, and the walls adorned with texts ; a high-pitched open roof, from some of the beams of which hang several flags giving brightness and colour to the room. To the left of the entrance is the bar, where tea, coffee, cocoa, and all kinds of light refreshments can be obtained at a very cheap rate. Still further to the left is the smoking-room, provided with bagatelle and other games ; and beyond this again a dining-room. Returning to the entrance we find to our right the little library, where the books for lending are kept, and close to this is a comfortable large reading-room, fifteen feet by thirty, the walls bright with pictures, and the tables plentifully supplied with the *Times*, *Standard*, *Daily News*, *Punch*, *Illustrated London News*, *Army and Navy Gazette*, periodicals and books of all kinds. Over the reading-room is the drawing-room,—“the officers’ room,” as it was called at first, before the exigencies of the work demanded my mother’s continual presence. The need for this room soon sprang out of the Bible readings she began on her first visit to Aldershot, when after mess of an evening several officers would seek her lodgings

to talk over the proposed work. Such gatherings were almost always ended by my mother's saying, "Shall we not have a little Bible reading and prayer before we separate?"

And so when, in looking over the building before it was completed, she came to the small sitting-room set apart for her use on her flying visits, she at once said,—“Oh, this is not large enough for our Bible readings: these two rooms must be thrown into one.”

The result was the very pretty drawing-room, which has been, thank God, used, as every other room in the house, as a meeting-place between many sinners and their Saviour.

Passing through the large hall we now find to our left a staircase leading up to the class-room, which is used for the nightly Bible readings, Mothers' Meetings, Band of Hope, and other small gatherings. But this class-room was not built at the time of which I am writing, having been added with other rooms in the year 1868. The Institution was, by the Deed of Trust, under the direction of Mrs. Daniell during her lifetime, and after her death under that of the surviving trustees, or someone appointed by them. Before she died my mother had her own name taken off the list of trustees, and mine inserted in its place.

From the above description it will be seen that

the building contains a spacious hall, class room, reading and smoking rooms, refreshment bar, dining-room, kitchen, and other rooms for the servants and those who carry on the work. The hall is used for tea-parties and other social gatherings, Sunday evening services, etc. The class-room for prayer-meetings, Bible readings, Mothers' Meetings, Band of Hope meetings, Temperance Meetings, and the nightly Bible-class. The reading and smoking rooms are open daily to members from 7 a.m. till 11 p.m. for refreshments, reading, games, and social intercourse. The refreshment bar is open to the public generally (Sundays excepted), from seven in the morning until ten at night. Refreshments are supplied at the following prices :—

Large cup of coffee	1d.
Small „ „	$\frac{1}{2}$ d.
Large cup of tea	2d.
„ „ cocoa	1d.
Cake per slice	1d.

All sorts of cakes, puddings, jam tarts, etc., etc., are supplied in pennyworths, and hot joints and soup from 12 till 2 o'clock daily.

And so the work began.

The interest awakened in all parts of the kingdom was something extraordinary. Much prayer had been offered at the Barnet Conference—nor at the Con-

ference alone. All through the country the prayers of the Lord's remembrancers were daily ascending. The Mission was literally steeped in prayer. Led on step by step in paths of which she little dreamed, the Lord continually "set before" my mother "an open door," thus fulfilling the word on which He had caused her to hope.

The Branch Homes: Weedon, Colchester, and Manchester.

“Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitation: spare not, lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes.”

CHAPTER V.

DURING all the years of happy work that my mother and I were permitted to have together at Aldershot, the thought was continually suggested to us and continually expressed, "Oh what a blessed thing it would be if we could only have Branch Homes in other military stations! How trying it is for the men to go away from Aldershot to other places where there is no Home, no one to take an interest in their welfare!" And again, "Oh for some thousands of pounds that we might put a Home in every garrison!"

Thus we talked and planned and wished; but the dear Master's time was not then fully come; and He did not see fit ever to give to her to whom He had granted the honour of founding this Soldiers' Mission this desire of her heart. At all times very far from strong, and constantly subject to weeks of illness, the marvel was, not that she did not accomplish more, but that God enabled her to accomplish so much. In the early days of the

Mission, as far back as 1864, the need of more accommodation in the Hall had been urgently felt. The men's nightly Bible-class had so increased that there was no room suitable for their meeting ; the Lecture Hall, independently of the expense of heating and lighting it, being as much too large as the other rooms were too small. But it was not till 1867 that Mrs. Daniell was enabled to provide the additional room so much required, which of course gave her much extra thought and anxiety as well as work. This and her continual ill health and suffering, culminating in 1868 in the lingering illness which eventually ended her life, will account for the fact that, though often and urgently longing to extend her mission "to the regions beyond," she was never able to do so. The Lord had in His great goodness given her the joy, not only of planting the Village Missions and that at Aldershot, but also of seeing them live and grow and flourish in a very remarkable degree. Then, after nine years of work at the latter place, He called her to Himself.

"Finished the toil, the rest begun ;
The battle fought, the triumph won."

And so the extension which we had planned together had to be carried out by one alone.

Chatham was the first garrison suggested. Several of the Christian men in the Engineers were con-

stantly oscillating between that place and Aldershot, and many and earnest were the entreaties that a Home should be provided for them there as well as here. Immediately after my dear mother's death in 1871, the idea took more and more possession of my mind that I would try and raise a Home at Chatham as a memorial to her. An appeal was issued, and a few hundred pounds collected ; but as it was most difficult to meet with a suitable site, and the sum required for the building was large, there was some delay in the commencement of the work.

In the interval my thoughts were successively turned to Weedon, Colchester, and Manchester. The first and last places were specially laid upon my heart, on account of men going there from Aldershot who had received blessing at the Hall. In the autumn of 1872 we were daily expecting that two batteries of Artillery would leave for Weedon, and their distress at the idea of being "Homeless" kept the matter continually before us. As it turned out, they were not finally removed there till the following spring ; but in the interval I paid a visit to friends in Leicestershire, and with them went over to Weedon. We knew hardly anything of place or people, and emerged from the train into a *terra incognita*. Leaving the railway and Middle Weedon behind us, we crossed the

large breezy field locally called "Government," on the top and sloping side of which lie the Artillery and Infantry Barracks, almost in the centre of the triangle formed by the three different portions of the village. Across the little stream, and down the hill again, a short walk brought us into Lower Weedon, a long irregular winding street, which finally merged into a country road, after passing the schools, church, and vicarage. The Vicar kindly told us of one house, and we got the key from the schoolmaster. It was a little off the road, and in some respects would have answered our purpose, as there were a coach-house and loft which might possibly have been adopted ; but of course some expense would have attended this alteration, and we finally, though not on this occasion, settled upon two rooms in a large cottage about midway down the street. It was a strange old-fashioned house, high chimneypieces, large open fireplaces, and whitewashed rafters, with a curious old staircase leading from the reading-room to the meeting-room. The place was easily fitted up with a few chairs, etc.; books and papers were supplied, and the little Home was ready for the men on their arrival.

One of the missionaries had been with them on the march, and provision was kindly made at several places to give them a tea, followed by dissolving views, addresses, etc. Great success

attended these efforts to preserve them from the perils of the way. I say "perils" advisedly, as no one knows but those who have to go through it what snares and pitfalls are spread for the men in these marches across the country. Always billeted at public-houses, sometimes of the very lowest order, it is indeed an ordeal through which very few of them come out unscathed.

It would be truly a work for God if the Christians of any town through which our soldiers pass when they change quarters would get up some little social entertainment for them, to keep them from the temptations of the "public." On this occasion the result was eminently satisfactory. In one battery there was not a single defaulter on the whole line of march, and in the other only one.

Arrived at Weedon, the missionary made his way to the Home, and there with some of the men of the first battery commended the work to God. I made arrangements with the village missionaries to attend twice a week, visiting the men in their barracks by day, and holding a meeting at the Home in the evening. Thus the Gospel was preached to very many, and we believe we shall by-and-bye see that the Lord caused some of the seed to fall on good ground, to His praise and glory, and the redemption of souls "from the hand of the enemy." In this way, with one or two visits

from myself, the work was carried on throughout that year; and in the beginning of the following year, 1874, two friends and co-workers went to the village for a few weeks. They remained there till just before the batteries left for Ireland, after which I gave up the rooms, as it seemed impossible to break up fresh ground without having permanent helpers there. These could not be spared, as larger and more important spheres would have suffered. Moreover, the work for which the little Home had been opened was accomplished. It was during my last visit to Weedon that the Institute at Plymouth, which had previously been offered to me, was again pressed upon my notice, and this seemed another indication that the smaller field must be given up for the larger ones which God in His providence was opening before me.

Amongst these was the work at Colchester. The military glory of the past, "the pomp and circumstance" of Roman warfare, has long since passed away; but the old castle and walls, the story of its siege, and the Roman remains that abound in the town and neighbourhood, all combine to make Colchester a place of unusual interest. For many years it has been one of our principal military stations, and since the development of the new dépôt system the garrison has been largely increased.

In the spring of 1864, some nine years before my first acquaintance with the place, a few friends had met together to consider the possibility of opening a "Home" for the soldiers quartered there. Principally through the instrumentality of one of their number, this was shortly after accomplished, and for some years it held on its way and was the means of benefit to many. Just after the commencement of my tiny effort at Weedon, in April 1873, I heard from Mr. Baxter, telling me that there was some idea of giving up the Home at Colchester, and asking me if I would take it. After some little time for prayerful consideration I decided to do so. I paid one or two visits to the place to make a few necessary alterations. The Home was closed for a few weeks, and then after being freshly papered, painted, and made as bright as possible, it was re-opened in July 1873, with a tea-party, given to about seventy soldiers. During the three following days a series of special services was held, when addresses were given by Lord Radstock, Mr. Robert Baxter, Admiral Fishbourne, the Rev. T. Richardson, and others. Those days were blessed days of ingathering. Only the other night, during a flying visit to Colchester, as I stood talking to a sergeant of Artillery, those first meetings were brought back to my mind. This sergeant, amongst others, had there been met with by the power of God's Holy

Spirit ; and as we were talking together we could not but recall how GOD had in that very room—"this dear little place" as he loved to call it—brought him to Himself. Another of that sheaf of firstfruits was speedily gathered into the heavenly garner ; whilst others are still left to witness for their Lord below. As far as we know the first to receive Christ during that opening week was a young lance-corporal in the 50th Regiment. He had evidently been seeking for some little time before the evening I was asked to speak to him. The truth of a present salvation went home to his heart, and he was led by the Holy Spirit to an immediate acceptance.

The next morning he sent the following little note, written hurriedly on a scrap of paper just before leaving Colchester for another station :—

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Accept this note from me. I could not go away from here without letting you know how happy I feel. I seem so overjoyed with myself that I hardly know what to do, to think that I have found Jesus."

And again, later, after reaching Netley, he wrote,—

"There is one very nice church here ; but there is only one service held in it on Sundays, and there is no Bible-class. I went to M——, which is about three-

quarters of a mile off, and I met a man, who said there was a service to be held in the chapel at seven o'clock on Sunday evening; so I went, and asked the woman that had the charge of the door if there was a Bible-class held? She said there was on Wednesday evening, so I hope to go to-night. It is held by Mrs. F—— I am told. Please remember me to Sergeants H—— and D——. I seem to miss the evenings at the Home, but I hope to make myself at home here.

“ ‘ In Christ my full salvation stands,
 In Him alone my glorying be :
 Nothing shall pluck me from His hands,
 From condemnation I am free.
 Be holiness my costly dress,
 And my best robe His righteousness,’

“ Your humble servant,

“ C. D., looking to Jesus for help.”

I wrote to the Mrs. F—— mentioned in his letter asking her to interest herself in him, which she kindly did. Some months after she told us he was ordered off to Ashantee, and added, “ He has grown much in grace, and has regularly attended the Bible-class. He has been quite my Bible-woman’s right hand.”

For some time we had looked on the little Home at Colchester as merely a temporary arrangement, the increase of the garrison as well as other circumstances pointing to the necessity of enlarging the

place of our tent. But as yet we did not see how this was to be accomplished. It was merely a matter of thought and prayer and desire. But He Who giveth liberally and loves to satisfy the longings of His people had His own time and way for fulfilling this desire of our hearts.

One day, in the early part of 1876, I was driving with a dear friend and fellow-helper when the conversation turned, as it was often wont to do, to the subject of starting fresh Homes. After a little conversation she said, "I think I shall sell that house of mine and give you the money for another Home."

Of course I thought it most wonderfully kind of her, but I rather demurred to the idea, saying,—
"I am not sure whether you ought to do that; though you are not using the house now, you might by-and-by want it, and it would not be well to give up property so irrevocably as that."

She laughingly held to it that she should not want it, "not as long as you will have me," and so the matter was settled. There was a little talk as to the probable sum the house would realize. She thought it would be about £1,500, as that was the price put upon it in a division of the property which had been made some time before.

Months passed on. The day for the sale came, and great was my surprise to receive a telegram from my friend to this effect,—

“House sold for £2700.”

This was indeed of the Lord, and was an additional proof of how He blesses gifts made to Himself. Truly “the earth is the Lord’s and the fulness thereof;” “The blessing of the Lord it maketh rich.”

When this large donation was first made, we thought of starting altogether a new Home in another garrison town which I had been asked to take up; but as we saw the increasing needs of Colchester, on account of its enlarged numbers, my friend and I decided it would be better to appropriate her gift to building a new Home in that place. The next thing was to get a site. One after another was suggested by different friends, who were kindly interested, till at last one day, going up St. Botolph’s Street, we saw a board up on the theatre, “For Sale,” etc. This seemed just the very spot we wanted, and we hastened to make inquiries. To make a long story short, after some time the negotiations fell through, and we were finally led to decide upon a beautiful old red-brick house in Queen Street, one of the great attractions of which is a large garden of half an acre, with splendid trees. I did not take possession of this till the beginning of 1878. The alteration of the house to adapt it to its new purpose, and the erection of the lecture hall, was begun in June. The internal arrangements of the new Home are

very much on the same plan as in all the others ; but, having more space, I have been able to set apart two or three bedrooms for the benefit of any men who might be on pass at Colchester, and need such accommodation. I trust that a still larger blessing may rest on the work in its new quarters.

The immediate cause of the establishment of the Home at Manchester was the same that led me to open the one at Weedon, namely, the departure for that station of a regiment out of which God had gathered many souls to Himself in Aldershot. Some time before the camp broke up for the autumn manœuvres of 1873, we had many anxious inquiries from the men as to what they should do when they reached their new quarters. "We shall miss the Home so much if we have no place to go to," was the reiterated cry, till at last one evening I said to them, "Well, I suppose I must go to Manchester and see if I can get a little Home for you."

So to Manchester I went, with the same friends who had first gone with me to Weedon, and after a considerable search we found a small house nearly opposite the infantry barrack gate, which would answer our purpose. Later on, I returned with another friend, and by dint of a week's hard work the house was furnished and quite ready for the men on their arrival from Cannock Chase. God

gave us a very happy week amongst them. Friends on the spot were most kind in their offers of service, especially the army Scripture Reader, a very earnest man, who hailed with delight this beginning of a work which he felt would be a real help to his own. In the beginning of 1874, accompanied by a very dear friend, who, since my mother's death, had spent much of her time with me, I went for a fortnight to Manchester. It was a time of most delightful opportunity, both amongst the men and women. Our days were given up to visiting the married quarters, and the evenings to the usual work of the Home, the Bible-class and personal conversation.

Everywhere GOD set before us "an open door." I remember one little woman telling me with tears how long she had been seeking Jesus, how often she had knelt down and asked for pardon, how many nights she lay awake thinking of it, and yet she could not feel she was saved; and "then the other day," she went on, "when I heard you coming upstairs, I just locked my door, I was so afraid you should come; and then I unlocked it again, hoping you might come; and then after all you didn't, and I was so disappointed, and thought I was just left outside, and I grieved so."

After one or more conversations, it pleased the Good Shepherd to lead her to trust in His love,

and come and fall down before Him. And she found rest unto her soul.

“Thou knowest all the past,—how long and blindly
On the dark mountains the lost wanderer strayed ;
How the Good Shepherd followed, and how kindly
He bore it home upon His shoulders laid,
And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain,
And brought back life and hope and strength again.”

Another instance of GOD's wonderful mercy at this same time in the salvation of a soul who was on the very brink of self-destruction only came to my knowledge a few months ago in a letter from the husband of one of our workers, himself among the fruits of the Mission. I think his own account had better be given of the poor woman's words, as she told her thrilling story to my correspondent.

“Well, D——, you know me and my family now nearly twenty years. You also knew my first husband. Well, he was a good man, as you know. My present husband, you also know him, but I am sorry to say you do not know much good of him, for he is a liar and a drunkard, as you know ; but you don't know all—he is such a villain. I would not tell it to any other. Well, he has led me such a life that I have often wondered how I am even now alive. My life has been such a misery, such a burden to me, that I have often wished I was dead, and it was only the thought of what would

become of my poor soul that kept me back from committing suicide long ago.'

"Well, she went on to tell me how, through the cruelty of her husband, her life was a trouble to her, and one day, as she could not bear it any longer, she went out to the town and purchased some poison. She brought it home, cleaned up her house, set everything in order, said her prayers, committed her soul as she thought to the keeping of the God who gave it, went to the table, took the bottle, poured the poison into a tea-cup, had it in her hand going to raise it to her mouth and drink it, when a knock came to the door. She put down the cup and opened the door, thinking it might be some of the soldiers' wives come for something, and they would not detain her long. She covered the cup with a towel, so that it might not be seen. Well, had an angel or some other supernatural being appeared to her at the time, she could not be taken more aback—a lady and a stranger with 'May I come in, Mrs. C——?' 'Well, I could not speak for the life of me; I could not say no nor yes; but she did come in, and oh, thank God she did. She remained with me for a long time, as I then thought; she spoke to me just as if she knew what I was going to do, and oh, how her words went home to my soul! After she had prayed, I thought really that she came direct from the throne of

mercy to prevent me from committing that dark deed which would for ever hurl my soul from the presence of its God and Saviour.' ”

For these five years past I had known of her as an earnest Christian, but only now can I realize how close to the fire lay the brand thus plucked out of the burning.

Then there were other cases of husbands and wives being led to rejoice with one heart over their newly-found treasure, as “heirs together of the grace of life.”

I am almost tempted to linger over the account of God’s work in this regiment, the gratitude both of the men and women, their touching letters, and the work that they began on their removal to another station ; but time and space alike forbid my dwelling longer upon this portion of our Mission field. Amidst many vicissitudes the Home continues to the present day.

Branch Gomes: Plymouth and Chatham.

“Take up the torch and wave it wide,
The torch that lights Time’s thickest gloom.”

CHAPTER VI.

IN December 1873, just after the Homes at Weedon, Colchester, and Manchester had been started, I received a letter from an officer quartered in Plymouth, asking me to extend my interest to that garrison.

He had watched the working of the Aldershot Mission Hall during the life of its founder, and although, before he came here, he had been somewhat prejudiced against it, he left the camp impressed with the idea that Mrs. Daniell's plans were the best on which to conduct similar institutions.

Some three years before, an Institute had been set on foot and successfully worked at Plymouth by a committee ; but owing to the removal from the town of the earnest and energetic honorary secretary, who had been the mainspring of the undertaking, the work had languished ; and when my friend wrote, little was being accomplished. As may be supposed, this fresh invitation was a matter for very earnest prayer and careful consideration.

I went down twice to Plymouth to see the Home and hear the details of its previous management, but it was not till November 1874 that I really began working the Institute. During my visit in May it was decided that in order to carry on anything like an efficient work, larger premises would be required, as the present house was not only insufficient for the more direct wants of the Home, but it also lacked accommodation for the lady superintendent, a requisite quite indispensable to the success of the undertaking.

It was during that visit in May that the first-fruits of what has since proved a most abundant harvest was gathered in. One evening the little library was visited by a man of the Royal Marines. He looked thoughtful and worn; and after a short conversation I found he was in an anxious, troubled state of mind. Feeling the burden of sin, and dissatisfied with all his own attempts at reformation, he yet could not appropriate to himself the finished work that the Lord Jesus Christ had wrought out for him. He came again more than once, and day by day grew more restless and uneasy, till his agony of mind became almost unendurable, and he wandered about for miles in his wretchedness. At length, after another talk over some of the precious promises of the Bible, "it began to dawn toward the first day of the week," the resurrec-

tion morning of his soul. I told him again of the readiness of the Lord to receive, and how much he grieved Him by doubting Him. He longed for us to take Him at His word. At last, after praying with him, I said,—

“Now will you kneel down here by yourself, and just go to Christ, with all your sin and all your unworthiness, and believe that when you go He receives and pardons you at once?”

Very quietly he agreed to this, and I left him alone. On my return to the room a short time afterwards, I was thankful to see the whole expression of his face changed. Though the tears were falling, yet the despair and wretchedness were all gone, and it was radiant with his newly-born joy. All he could say was,—

“Oh, Miss! why could not I ever see it before? How blind I’ve been! Now I know it’s all done for me, and I’m saved!”

Truly he could say, “The Lord hath done great things for me, whereof I am glad.” A month later, when I had returned to Aldershot, he wrote the following letter :—

“DEAR FRIEND,—Oh, how often have I wrote these two words, but never felt their full power before! Many, many thanks for your kind present” (a New Testament). “I read a few verses first thing every morning. I have sent you a little marker; please accept it. I want to let

you know how I am getting on, but hardly know how to. I am, as it were, lost in amazement. Oh, how acutely I hears my comrades now to what I used to ! I long for the day's duty to be over, to be at the Institute again. I distributed a few bills round the barracks to-day, and I have got two or three more to join the Bible-class. Corporal B——, I think, is still clinging to a straw with the lifeboat close by his side. The men in my room understand me now ; they take no notice of me. I kneel at my bed night and morning, as you bade me. I felt sorrowful when you left, but Jesus made me know it was a sin ; that I was selfish, and that He wanted you somewhere else. I can find many, many faults with myself now, that I never dreamt of before ; but oh, how happy I feel resting in Jesus, with the assurance of being forgiven."

He is still living in the joy of that assurance, kept by the mighty power of God. On my last visit to Plymouth I found him just the same as ever, so grateful and humble, and anxious to do anything he could to help on the work. I could not but be touched by one instance of this. One day he came to me, and said in a most mysterious manner,—

"I should like to have a few minutes' conversation with you, Miss, before you go."

"Certainly, B——, whenever you like."

"I want to speak to you about something very particular, Miss !"

In a day or two the opportunity came, and then he confided to me that he was thinking of getting married.

“But you see, Miss, I can’t quite make up my mind about it. I have only got a short time more to make up my twenty-one years, and I’ve been thinking——” and then there was rather a long pause and a good deal of hesitation. Presently he resumed,—“I’ve been thinking that if you could only let me do some work at one of the Homes: you know I should have my pension, Miss, so I should not want any pay: if you would only let me be in the work I would much rather, and then I would not get married at all, Miss!”

Such was B——’s determination, and hitherto he has kept in the same mind.

Thus at the very threshold of the work God stamped it with the seal of His approval, and during the two to three years that, amidst much discomfort, we carried it on in those small inconvenient rooms, He continued to give us numberless tokens of His favour.

It would take too much time to enter into all the details of our search for another Home—either for a site on which to build, or a house that could by any means be adapted. At last, one morning in January 1876, during one of my visits, the friend who had first asked me to Plymouth came in in triumph.

“I have found the site: couldn't be better—Stonehouse Market—quite central; between the Barracks: you must go and look at it!”

It proved to be the very place for us, and after some time the site was obtained, and the work of building begun. The waiting time had been long, but at last, in July 1877, the new Home was finished.

The Homes have been so often described that it seems superfluous to enter into a special description of all the rooms. The distinctive feature of the one at Plymouth is that it has more than any of the others the appearance of a fine gin palace, having plate-glass windows, in which “tea,” “coffee,” and “hot suppers,” are advertised, instead of the usual “wines” and “spirits.” It is brilliantly lighted with an abundance of gas. Pushing open the glass swing door, the soldier finds himself in a large bright bar, fitted up with seats and tables, marble counter, etc., the walls decorated with pictures, while just below the cornice run the words, beautifully illuminated in clear bold letters, legible to all who enter,—“Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.” Passing on through the bar is the corridor, which extends the whole depth of the building, a distance of nearly a hundred and seventy feet. To the left of this are the library, bath, game, billiard, and reading

rooms. Upon the corridor also opens a broad flight of stairs leading to the lecture hall and class-room. Up and down each side of the hall run the lines, graven on the sword of one who has gone to his rest, and years ago placed as our motto on the title-page of our "Soldiers' Hymn-Book,"—

"To Queen, to country, but oh! most to Thee,
My life to give, Who gav'st Thy life for me."

And over the end window is a scroll, which cannot fail to catch the eye, either as a beacon of hope, inciting to joyful expectation, or as a word of warning and terror,—“Surely, I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.”

As my pen traces these lines I cannot but recall in connection with this new Home all the loving devotion of my dear friend and helper Miss Lea.

First led by God's providence to interest herself in the small Institute, her enthusiastic nature took up with the greatest joy every little detail of the larger building. It was just her one absorbing pleasure and delight and pride to do everything that she could to make it bright and attractive. Her generous open hand was continually lavishing fresh gifts upon it; and after the opening the great success of the work was largely due to her wonderful and self-sacrificing devotion. Called comparatively late in life to give herself to any specific work, it seemed as if she could never do enough to show the

joyful thanksgiving that filled her heart in being thus permitted to labour. Or was it that even then there were continually premonitions of the coming end? dim foreshadowings that she must be up and doing "with her might," for the night was coming on apace when she could no longer work for the One she loved, no longer point sinners to Him who was to her "the chiefest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely."

The new Home was opened in July 1877, but before the first anniversary came round she "was not," for God had taken her to be with Himself. In the very midst of her work the summons came and she passed away,—

" . . . to some perfect wondrous service yonder
Within that Holy Place,
Where veillless, in its full transfigured glory,
His servants see His face."

By one of those overrulings of God's providence which we are so often permitted to see, this sudden entrance into glory through the valley of the shadow of death was one of the links in the chain which brought another soul from spiritual death into the light and life and liberty of the Gospel. For some time before her death Miss Lea had been enabled to enlist the kind sympathy and interest of some of the officers in the garrison in the work carried on at the Home. One, especially, had with his wife been

much drawn towards the place. Living, as he was, only for the world and time, the winning of his soul for Christ was laid in a remarkable way upon Miss Lea's heart. She mentioned him more than once in her letters to me, and though she was not permitted herself to see the change, yet it was doubtless in answer to her prayers, together with those of many others, that he was shortly after her death brought to a knowledge of Christ, and has ever since been a special helper in the work she so much loved.

As I said before, Chatham was the garrison which was first suggested for a Branch Home; but although never lost sight of, circumstances postponed the accomplishment of this design till after Weedon, Colchester, Manchester, and Plymouth had all been grafted on to the parent stem. This arose from the fact that building a new Home required large funds, which necessarily took some time to gather, while at each of the other places Homes either stood ready to one's hand, or the requirements of the garrison were met by the use of smaller accommodation which could at once be secured.

By the early part of 1872 I had paid a visit to Chatham, seen the only site which seemed at all suitable, and had entered into negotiations for its purchase. In all this the Rev. Daniel Cooke, the Vicar of Old Brompton, in whose parish the barracks are situated, was most kind and help-

ful. There was then on the site a small mission room, which had previously been used for services for the dockyard men and others, and was still the place of rendezvous to a few officers, who met there for a weekly Bible reading. All the preliminary negotiations—collecting the funds, etc.—took some time, and the work was further retarded by the commencement of the other Branch Homes previously described ; so that it was not till September 1875 that the building was actually commenced, and the Home was not ready for opening till June 1876.

I had intended going down to Chatham with one of my kind helpers in January of that year, but just as everything was arranged I was suddenly called to Plymouth, on account of a serious illness of Miss Lea's, so that my friend had to go alone. She was given a hearty welcome in the house of friends, who were staying for a time in Chatham, where the gentleman was engaged in some military inspection work. Both very earnest Christians, they had been longing for some door of usefulness to be opened, and the three weeks they had spent at Chatham had been weeks of much prayer that God would give them something to do for Him. The letter, asking them to receive my friend, was felt to be the answer to these prayers. And they were indeed the very helpers we needed.

A farewell tea was given to the men of the

16th Regiment, a large band of them, who were previously members successively at the Plymouth and Aldershot Homes, having joined a battalion at Chatham. Then step by step the way seemed to open out before us, and in February a small house was rented, and the little preparatory Home fairly inaugurated, though it was necessarily on a very limited scale. However, it was in the highest sense most eminently successful, and much of the work of those four months still abides.

The opening week was one of very special enjoyment. The first meeting was in the afternoon of the 10th June, and very pleasant it was to see not only a number of new friends from the town and neighbourhood, but also many old ones who had come from a distance to unite their prayers and praises with ours. Mr. Robert Baxter presided, and the Rev. Daniel Cooke, with various other speakers, took part. Most tender and touching allusion was made to the one who, thirteen years before, had under God been the founder of the Aldershot Mission Hall, and we felt that no more fitting memorial could have been raised to her than another Soldiers' Home.

Very delightful Bible readings were held every afternoon, and public meetings in the evening, and it was altogether a time to which many look back as particularly bright and happy.

Though the numbers attending have never been very large, yet the *homey-ness* and social happiness at this house has been very striking, and for none of the other Homes has a deeper affection been entertained. A remark which well illustrates this was made by one of the men as he was leaving. Turning round to look for the last time at the place he loved so well, he was heard to say, "Oh you dear little Home, I wish I could take you up in my arms and carry you away with me!"

Thus through God's goodness I have been enabled to carry out, to a certain extent, my mother's wishes, and though there is still "much land to be possessed," and many garrisons are still unprovided with a Home, yet we thank God for all that He has accomplished, not only in the extension of this Mission, but also that He has since 1862 raised up so many who have stretched out a helping hand to our soldiers in all parts of the kingdom.

Spiritual Stones.

“ Hearts I have won of sister or of brother,
Quick on the earth, or buried in the sod,
Lo ! every heart awaiteth me, another
Friend in the blameless family of God.”

CHAPTER VII.

HITHERTO I have dwelt principally upon the material buildings, telling how, first in Aldershot, and then in one place after another, God provided the outward machinery for the work. But, thanks be to His holy name, there is much to tell of the “lively stones,” who are slowly but surely being “built up a spiritual house,” to the praise of the glory of His grace.

It is superfluous to dwell any further on the deep necessity for such a work. The testimony of all at the time of the founding of the mission was to the same effect—the terrible temptations and snares spread for the soldier in the innumerable public-houses and dancing-saloons of the town, while no other counter-attraction was provided. Government libraries and reading-rooms were established afterwards, but this has not materially lessened the need of the Institutes. Soldiers, like other people, when their day’s work is over, enjoy having some place to go where they can spend their evenings

away from the barrack-room. And when we consider the peculiarities of a soldier's life, we can well understand how to him, almost more than to any other class, there must be a special attraction in a house where he can be "at home" for his evenings, meeting his comrades in social intercourse, and otherwise enjoying himself. Unable, as a rule, to make a home for himself, there is no "ain fireside" to which he can resort; and for the very short time he is stationary in one place, he has few opportunities of making friends. Added to this is the fact that, owing to class prejudice, hardly a respectable house will open its doors to him. All these things combine to make him thoroughly appreciate the social advantages offered to him in the Homes.

From the day soon after my mother's first arrival here, when some of the men wrote to her,—“Others may give their thoughts and time and talents, but the men that write this letter give you their hearts”—from that time to the present, none have more thoroughly appreciated her work than those for whose sakes it was primarily begun. And well they might. “Look at those dancing-halls,” said a godly soldier to a friend, who had gone down for the laying of the foundation-stone. “Look at those dancing-halls; you may throw a stone over twenty of them; there is nothing in London to

match it. We have long been praying for such a place as this will be."

That the same feeling was shared in by the officers is shown by the following extract from the letter of a major in a cavalry regiment which was long quartered in the camp:—

"Of the benefit of the Hall, as forming a retreat for soldiers so disposed from public-houses and canteens, there can exist no shade of opinion. I rejoice that I have got such an asylum or place of refuge for many of my men, apart from any religious or temperance motives. But of course, anxious as I am both for their spiritual and worldly benefit, I can with sincere gratitude return thanks to God, who has raised up Mrs. Daniell and such a noble Institution."

It is touching to recall some of the many expressions of the soldiers, showing their love and attachment to the Home, sometimes pathetic and sometimes amusing.

"If you will believe me, ma'am," said one of them, "it is like going out of hell into heaven, to come up here from one of our rooms."

"—— was saying to me to-day," wrote one of our friends, "that he never knew before that there was a Soldiers' *Home* in Aldershot. They tell us in our room," he added, "that we make a regular idol

of this Hall, but I tell them it's a better idol than the 'Victory'" (a public-house in Aldershot).

"You don't know what this place is to us," said another,—“a sort of covert to run into. I used to hate Aldershot, and count the time till I should leave it; but now I dread leaving it.”

"We do hope to see that dear little Hall soon," wrote the wife of a trumpet-major, both of whom had found Christ here in one day; "we were greatly disappointed that we could not be there to the tea on the day after Christmas."

"I wish," writes another, "that we could put the Hall upon wheels and run it up here."

Another graphic little touch was supplied by a friend :—

"I had my farewell words with M——. He told me he was very glad he was off at a moment's notice, for it was just like hanging, and he would rather have it over and done with. He had never loved any place like this; he had never minded leaving home, but this seemed almost too much for him to talk about."

A visitor at the Hall in 1865 writes regarding the social aspect of the work :—

"Round that Hall their most tender and cherished recollections seem to cluster, and increasingly we recognise the wisdom which designed it to be, not merely a place of religious instruction, but a real

Home to them—a place where, if so inclined, they can read, or write letters, or, as is oftener the case, can stand about or sit on the broad window-seats, drinking their coffee and chatting—just the free happy talk which even a lady may overhear without fear of one word which could distress or annoy. When the Hall was yet a thing of the future, some wondered at the attempt to combine the two, others doubted the wisdom of it, and both prophesied failure; but the result has far more than justified the purpose.”

At the first Bible-class at which this lady was present, her attention was considerably arrested by the following words, which occurred in one of the prayers, uttered not lightly, but with perfect reverence of tone and expression:—

“O Lord! Thou knowest what a fix the poor soldier was in at Aldershot before this blessed place was built.”

And this brings us to what has always and designedly been the prominent feature of the work,—its spiritual aspect. Delightful as it was to Mrs. Daniell to see the men’s social enjoyment, and provide for it in every legitimate way, it was still more the joy and rejoicing of her heart to win their souls for Christ. Never for one moment did she take the tone of apology for thus seeking first their spiritual interests. She rather gloried thus “in the name of

the Lord" to lift up her banner ; seldom has that word been more abundantly fulfilled, "Them that honour Me, I will honour." She never looked upon the men as children to be amused, but "as undying souls, capable of rising to the height of fellowship with God."

It would be impossible to estimate the number who owe their conversion directly or indirectly to her instrumentality. Eternity alone will reveal it. The following are some among many instances :—

In July 1864 my mother received a letter from a stranger, telling her of the earnest desire of a poor old man that she would try and influence his son. "Oh ! if I could only write, I would write to the lady Daniell, and I am sure she would look after my poor prodigal boy." His friend promised he would write for him, and so the letter was dispatched, telling of his sainted mother's dying prayers, and the father's longing for his boy, and also giving some few particulars of the reckless careless life which the son was leading. After reading the letter Mrs. Daniell sent off at once to the barracks to ask G—— to come and see her the next afternoon, which was Sunday. True to his word, the young man arrived, and was taken up to the drawing-room. I have often heard my mother describe that interview—the fine tall stalwart young fellow, in all the strength of his manhood, utterly careless and un-

moved at first, and treating everything that she said to him with lightness. For some time she did not seem to make any way with him, when suddenly taking up a Bible she said,—

“Do you see this nice new Bible, G——? I will give it you for your own, if you will promise me one thing.”

His eyes glistened, and he appeared softened, as he agreed to her request.

“Promise me that you will read some of it every day, and it shall be yours.”

The promise was given, and so was the gift. Then she spoke of his father’s anxiety for him, and reminded him of his mother.

“You know, G——, there are all her prayers for you to be answered : they are indented round God’s throne. When are you going to let the answer come ?”

That interview ended in deep solemnity, and was the turning-point of the young dragoon’s life. He stayed with his comrades to the afternoon Bible-class, and from that day till he left Aldershot was never absent for one day from the Hall except when on duty. He became as earnest for God as he had before been for the world. Some time later, letters came from him from Ireland, in which he said : “Oh, happy, happy day, that 16th July, when you sent for me to the Mission Hall ;” and

again, "My heart yearns for Aldershot, the place of my second birth."

Months afterwards he was met with by a dear friend beside the happy death-bed of the young woman to whom he was engaged, herself another of Mrs. Daniell's spiritual children. Those who knew him best testified to the brightness and consistency of his Christian life. This is only one amongst many proofs that we are continually receiving of the blessedness of a mother's early influence and prayers.

But another instance may be given of quite a different type.

One evening in the spring of that same year which witnessed G——'s "death unto sin and new birth unto righteousness," I was standing outside the drawing-room, watching the men as they filed out after their nightly Bible-class. During my mother's address, I had noticed a Highlander evidently under deep impression. He was a steady grave-looking man—an old soldier—with a thoughtful Scotch face; and I felt so sure he was unhappy that, as he passed, I put the question to him,—“Are you happy?”

“Oh, no, far from that;” and then he told me how he had long been seeking, and never could find peace, and how restless and unsatisfied he was. It was too late that night for him to stay

for a talk, as he came from the North Camp, but I asked him to come down the next night, and Mrs. Daniell would speak to him. He was on duty that evening, but said he would be on pass the following one. I give the rest of the story in his own words, as he wrote about it to my mother some time afterwards:—

“You prayed for me, that my heart might be opened to believe, and my eyes open to see all that had already been done. I felt the same as a condemned criminal, and so I was until I believed. You read several passages to me, and explained them. Then you read the 24th verse of the 5th chapter of St. John, ‘He that believeth on me hath everlasting life.’ When you were explaining these words to me I was in an awful state of mind, I thought everything had been done that could be done now, and there was no hope; I was always looking into my own heart, and found no change; when at last, for my time was nearly up, and me not saved, I spoke to you about feeling the same wicked heart. You told me I had nothing to do with that, that it would always be a wicked one; and so it will, and a deceitful one, while this life lasts. But blessed be God that sent me to Aldershot, and for sending me to meet with you there; and for ever blessed be His holy name for sending Christ His Son to die for sin, and for leaving those words that were uttered by Christ on this earth. And the same Christ chose you as an instrument in drawing me to Himself. . . . Although I have never written to you

before, still my heart has been full of gratitude to you. I think upon you often. The happiest days that ever I spent were in Aldershot after my conversion."

And so to the bright young cavalry man, who had till then lived in utter carelessness, and to the grave thoughtful Scotchman, who had gone heavily for so long because of the burden of his sin, "the grace of God which bringeth salvation appeared," and both were "translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son."

"Ever with so soft a surge and an increasing,
Drunk of the sand, and thwarted of the clod,
Stilled and astir, and checked and never-ceasing,
Spreadeth the great wave of the grace of God."

How well I remember a day or two afterwards standing in the bar talking to D——. He never wearied of taking out his little Testament and pointing to the verse which had been used by God to bring him into liberty. With his finger tracing each line, he read and re-read it, dwelling with special emphasis on the word "hath."

"To think I should have come all the way from Scotland to find this which I have been seeking so long—so many years."

It was very cheering to my mother to hear the most satisfactory testimony to D——'s Christian

character some months after he had left Aldershot ; and it is not very long since I had myself the pleasure of seeing him, and finding that he was still not only witnessing a good confession, but also engaged in much blessed service for his Master.

One day Mrs. Daniell received a letter from a poor woman, begging her to try and reach her son, a wild thoughtless boy, deaf to all her prayers and entreaties for him. He was invited to the Hall, and after some conversation, in which he was besought to turn to God, he said,—

“I wish I was like my mother. I have thought, but I don’t think the thoughts go very deep.”

Mrs. Daniell read and prayed with him, and spoke much of the love of Christ for him, but he received it all with an air of great indifference.

“Well, ma’am, I won’t deceive you, I am not going to be religious yet. I like a soldier’s life, and mean to enjoy it for some time longer.”

“Well, if the love of Christ will not reach you, let me read you another word: ‘He that, being often reprov’d, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy’”

He still seemed unmoved, and she gave him up rather hopelessly, as he went off with an almost supercilious manner, as much as to say all that had nothing to do with him. But the next day he came to tell her how wonderfully God had wrought

with him. As he left her the evening before, the Holy Spirit began moving in his darkened soul, and before he got back to the camp he was brought down to his knees, and then and there sought and found God's pardoning mercy.

These are merely typical cases, of which almost numberless specimens could be given. One of the most remarkable features of the work through all these years, both here and at the Branch Homes, has been the continued ingathering of souls. Without any noise or excitement, without any special manifestation of what is commonly known as revival work, the blessing has continued year by year, month by month, week by week, I might almost say day by day. I believe that this is chiefly to be traced to the atmosphere of personal influence with which our many meetings are encompassed. The little "library" in each Home, from which many hundreds of books are yearly issued, is also in a peculiar way a kind of mainspring to the whole of the spiritual work. Every evening, from about six o'clock till the men leave, these little rooms are always occupied by myself or one of my fellow-workers, and it is there that by far the larger proportion of our work for souls takes place.

I will add a description of one of my evenings in the library, written the same night, February 5th, 1872, a very fair sample of hundreds of others:—

“The men begin to drop in about five or six o'clock, and settle down to their different entertainments, some to a book in the reading-room, or to a friendly chat, others to refreshments at the bar, while others again turn into the smoking-room. About six o'clock, as usual, I went down to the library, a tiny square room, where the books for lending are kept. The men resort here to become members, or to sign the pledge. It has the advantage of having two sides nearly all of glass, so that the going and coming are distinctly visible. This evening I had not been seated long before a corporal of the —— regiment came in, bringing two friends. This corporal himself had only a few weeks before been brought back to the Lord, after a lengthened time of backsliding. A tap at the door was followed by his entrance into the little room with one of his friends, ‘who wishes to sign the pledge, if you please, ma’am.’ As the trio kept close together there was not much opportunity of talking, beyond a friendly earnest invitation to come to-morrow to hear Mr. Blackwood’s address. One of the bills announcing his meeting was given them, and they followed their friend to the smoking room. Later on, a second tap and a similar entrance and request; this time a private bringing a friend to sign. Then there was a little movement outside, as one after another filed out of the reading-room, the last one turning back to say, in a cheerful hearty voice, to those who were still reading: ‘We are going to have a few minutes of prayer upstairs, will more of you come?’ This ‘few minutes of prayer’ takes place nightly in the class-room before the meeting. They have hardly passed out of

sight when the front door opens again, and the missionary makes his appearance with a non-commissioned officer. Passing by the library, he says, as he opens the door beyond, 'This is our reading-room;' and the new comer is introduced to the other rooms, which seem to give satisfaction, as he announces his intention of becoming a member, for which purpose he is brought to the library.

"'Good evening, ma'am; I am sorry to trouble you, but I thought I should like to be a member of this place.'

"He was assured that it was no trouble, but a very great pleasure; and a hope was expressed that he would make the Mission Hall his home. 'Had he been here before?'

"'Yes, some years ago; but I only came occasionally to meetings, and have never been a member.'

"A few kind inquiries drew from him a very sad story of domestic trouble and grief, which awakened much sympathy. Then he wished to sign the pledge. After filling in his teetotal card I asked the question,—

"'And how is it with your soul? Have you ever begun to think about that?'

"'Yes; that's just what I came up here to-night for.'

"'Have you felt yourself to be a lost sinner, unprepared to meet God, not ready to face Him?'

"'Yes, very often; and I have tried and tried, and gone on sometimes better.'

"'Ah, but have you ever known what it was to have your sin *forgiven*?'

“ ‘No, I’ve never had that,’ and in a moment the face which had been grave and sad almost to sternness relaxed, the tears gathered, and some even fell. Poor fellow! it was the old story of having tried hard many a time to be better by leaving off the drink, which had been, as usual, the great stumbling-block; but after a week or two, there being no quickening of God’s Spirit, no laying hold of Christ, in a word, no power from above, the old habit had returned and the struggle had been given up in despair. Oh, how sweet it was to be able to tell him of that love of God which sought him, and which could not only pardon and blot out all the past life of sin, but also give him a new life, a new strength, which should enable him in the future to live to His honour and glory! How precious it was to point to a Saviour who would not only save from the penalty, but also from the power of sin! Forgiveness, present and complete, was his first, his greatest need. God offered it to him *now, freely*. Would he accept it *at once*? Would he let God save him *to-night*?

“I cannot attempt to give every detail of the conversation. Many precious portions of God’s own Word were read, and many illustrations used, amongst others this one:—

“ ‘Supposing he were in prison under condemnation of death—that he knew to-morrow morning’s sun would witness his execution—but that to-night, during the short time left him of his life, a friend came into his cell with the glad tidings of a free pardon from the Queen—would he accept it? Would he not be only too thankful to

have it? Was he willing to go to God now, and tell Him he gladly took the offered gift? It was a *gift*; a thing not to be earned, but simply taken and thanked for.' After prayer it seemed as if the Holy Spirit enabled him to see that the debt really had been paid for him. His first words were,—

“ ‘ I can never thank you enough for speaking to me.’ ”

“ ‘ It is God you have to thank. Do you know what He has done for you ? ’ ”

“ ‘ Yes ; He’s forgiven me. And now,’ and this was said with great deliberation and emphasis,—‘ and now it will be easy for me to forgive those who have so wronged me.’ ”

“ Then there was a little talk about the new life that must follow. *If* he was saved it must necessarily be seen by his new life. He could not but show love and gratitude to the One who had rescued him from destruction. The words have unfortunately passed from my memory, but the *tone* of the response has left an indelible impression. It seemed to come so heartily and earnestly, and yet almost in a matter-of-fact way, as if that were a question that could by no possibility admit of any doubt. Such a gift as he had received that night *must* entail the joyful consecration of his life to the service of God.

“ During this time the bell had rung, and the men were gathered in from the various rooms to the class-room for their nightly Bible-class. Our new friend joined them, and listened with earnest attention, especially to the concluding words, ‘ Where art thou? Hiding *from* God, or hiding *in* Him ? ’ ”

“The address over, I went again to the library, while a few men of the 100th and 50th regiments met with another friend upstairs to plead especially for their respective corps.

“In the library my first visitor was a corporal, brought by the Missionary, who had told me previously he hoped he was really seeking God. He had been first impressed during the week of services held by Captain Pym, who had also spoken personally to him. It was more than a fortnight since he had been to the library, and I was most thankful to see him once again, and especially to hear that he had really sought the Lord Jesus for himself, and been found of Him. There was very little to tell, simply the fact of having yielded to God’s plan of salvation, and taken Him at His word.

“Then G—— came to renew his membership. His testimony was also clear and distinct, that he too had received the forgiveness of sins. ‘It is all so changed now; my heart seems so light to what it was.’

“After this, there was a succession of visitors for books, members’ tickets, etc.: some I trust the Lord’s children; others halting between two opinions, almost persuaded; and others again of whom I cannot speak certainly, but who attend all the meetings regularly, and are most grateful for the privileges of the Home, and are doing all they can to induce comrades to come with them. B—— is of the latter class. He is almost overwhelming in his expressions of gratitude and thankfulness, and does not know how much his old mother (seventy-seven years of age) would thank us for him if she only had the opportunity.

In the middle of all this the sergeant came back to take away his pledge card, his face quite lighted up, as he said,—

“‘I can never thank you enough, ma’am, for the words you have said to me to-night. Oh! how thankful I am I came in!’

“Then, just before shutting up the library, one of the Christian men came in.

“‘Have you seen that sergeant? I do think that he has found Jesus to-night. After the meeting I went up to him, seeing he was a stranger, and asked him the question which Mr. H—— had been speaking about: “Where art thou?” and he said directly, “Thank God: not hiding *from* Him, but hiding *in* Him.”’

“This joyful news was confirmed by the Missionary as I was on my way upstairs.

“‘I wanted to have a word, please, ma’am, about that sergeant. He does seem so happy in Jesus. He came up to me after class, and thanked me for inviting him in, and said, “What a wonderful thing it is to be saved for nothing.”’

“I could only ‘praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men.’

“I have thus given some idea of the evening work, but of course every evening is not like this one. We are not always permitted apparently to reap so speedily. I say apparently, as we cannot tell at once whether it was a true case of conversion to God or not. I have only given the account just as it took place in our ordinary routine.”

GOD has given us in a remarkable degree "the joy of harvest." And while to hundreds the Homes have been the place of their spiritual birth, they have been also in a no less remarkable degree the rallying point to Christians, where "those who fear the Lord speak often one to another;" a place too where numbers of backsliders have once again listened to the voice of Christ, and have been led back with weeping and supplication to the "fountain of living waters." But as in earthly husbandry there are the various operations of ploughing and harrowing and sowing—the breaking up of the fallow ground, and the gathering out of the stones,—all as needful as the work of the harvest field and the garnering of the precious sheaves, without which indeed there would be no precious sheaves to bind and garner,—so in the spiritual world all these earlier efforts have to be put forth in their due season, or there would never be the rejoicing over "first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." "As is the earthy," so also "is the heavenly." The largest proportion of the work of the Homes is in these preparatory stages. Day after day, in all kinds of ways, the blessed message of God's love is being continually rehearsed. In season and out of season, to men, women, and children, to the poor and to the rich, "is the Word of this salvation sent" through the various instrumentalities of these Homes.

Of a great deal of this seed sowing we never see the results ; but though much lies hidden and apparently lost to us here, it will not be so always. We look to see many up yonder who have been led by words long since forgotten by us to accept Christ as their Saviour. And even now much of this buried seed is continually being brought to light. A corporal who came here from Ireland in 1874, to join another battalion of his regiment, gave us a very pleasing testimony to the truth of this. After some little conversation, he said, to our surprise and pleasure,—“I found the Lord when I was here before;” and then he went on to speak so nicely about how much fruit there was which we never saw.

“You may only see a little of it here ; but we meet with men all over the world who say they found Christ in the Mission Hall at Aldershot.”

“Have you often met with them?”

“Oh, yes, five or six times—when I’ve not expected it.”

Another equally cheering report reached us through an officer about one of the men of his regiment. He had been brought to God at Aldershot some years before ; but the beginning of his Christian life had been so full of stumbles and falls as to cause us much sorrow of heart. Great was our joy at hearing that “W. is the shining

light of the regiment," leading a most consistent life and earnestly working amongst his comrades. His term of service has since expired, and he has been for some time employed as a Town Missionary.

One young soldier who was converted at the little Plymouth Home, writing to congratulate me on the opening of the new Home, says :—

"I feel sure many a poor rotten decayed branch you have been the means in the Lord's hands of pruning and training for the Master's kingdom. I was at a meeting in the Curragh, and I met a man who was a Christian, and we got into conversation about where we were converted. He said, 'It was in one of Miss Daniell's Homes that I first saw the truth.' He said it was some time before he could see the thing, but that was the first conviction, and it was through going to that early service that was the means of convincing him. Now, dear lady, these are all proofs that there is a great work going on. So you see that makes the third one since I left Plymouth."

Then from another who came on a few days' visit to Aldershot, we heard much the same. He was just brimful of delight at being back at the "dear old Mission Hall," where he had himself received Christ.

"I shall never forget the Hall, and never love any other place so well. That classroom is the dearest spot on earth to me; and I am always

meeting with men who can say the same. Often and often I ask, 'Where were you converted?' and the answer is, 'Oh! at Aldershot Mission Hall.'

The night he told me this he took part in our usual evening meeting, and telling the men how in that very room he had first found peace, he urged upon them to come and yield themselves at once to God. After serving his time he became a colporteur, in which work he has been much encouraged, having continued opportunities for speaking to numbers of the way of salvation, and telling of that Saviour whom he first learned to love at the Aldershot Soldiers' Home.

But perhaps no more striking instance could be given of the buried seed having sprung up into resurrection life than that which is told by the writer of the following letter, which came to me in the autumn of 1874:—

“ August 20th, 1874.

“ ‘Cast thy bread upon the waters : for thou shalt find it after many days.’—*Eccles. xi. 1.*

“ It is with pleasure I write this letter to you. I have never seen you but once, and I don't expect ever to see you again until I meet you in heaven, when we will sing the redemption song together. In the month of January 1870, I was serjeant in the Royal Horse Artillery, then stationed at Aldershot, in the East Block. The serjeant-major of my battery asked me one evening to go with

him to the Soldiers' Home, which I did. The lecture, or sermon, was delivered by —, and was very interesting. The audience were all soldiers; most of them were privates. When I came downstairs, the serjeant-major introduced me to you. You spoke to me very kindly, and inquired into my spiritual state. But alas! I had none of that kind of experience to give you. You asked me, if it was God's will to call me that night, was I prepared to meet my God? I answered, 'No.' You told me if the trumpet would sound that night to call every one to judgment, that you were prepared to meet your Saviour; you had no fear. This I could not believe. I thought it was a mere fancy of yours. I did not know that the Scripture said, 'Perfect love casteth out all fear.' My idea of religion was this: that if we lived a moral life, went to church once a week, repeated the general confession and Lord's prayer with the minister, the responses in the psalter, litany, and communion, and were attentive to the sermon—that is, not to go to sleep; to believe there are three Persons and one God, and that Jesus Christ died for sinners; to offer up a prayer every night to God before going to bed, the Lord's Prayer, and one or two collects from the Prayer Book; to be honest, not to swear, not to tell lies,—that we had done well, and that God might forgive us at the hour of death, and receive us into heaven. But this we could not be certain of until we went before the Judge. You then gave me two little books to read and return, and come again to the meeting. I promised to do so. I took the books home, intending to read them. I thought there might be nice stories in

them, as I have often read in tracts. I looked at one of them and saw the title of the book on the outside of the cover, 'The Blood of Jesus.' From the title I thought it was a dry book. But however, as I promised you I would read them, I would try, for the sake of keeping my promise, before I would go again. I expected you would ask me if I read them. I did not like to tell you I did; and to say I had not time would not be the truth. I did try to read the one I have already mentioned. I did read part of it; it was as hard for me to read it, and as badly suited to my taste then, as to drink the bitterest medicine. I could not get through with it. On the first of the following month I was sent to Woolwich; and in the following June I purchased my discharge, with the intention of coming to this country with my wife and children, and then being free from the army I would inquire more after religion. I had a desire to be religious, and always had a respect for religion and religious people. I did not know anything about justification by faith. I thought that I had to be just so sorry for my sins; that I had to be confirmed before I could be a Christian, because the Church required it; that I had to be so long striving and working; that I had to make up lost time; in fact, I thought there was a great deal for me to do; that there was so much repentance, so much sorrow for sin, so much prayer, so much knowledge of Scripture required. I might go on writing so much of one thing and so much of another that I would fill several sheets of paper, and weary you in reading it. I tried to come to God with my own righteousness; that I was not

so bad as other people ; instead of coming, not only in the words but the spirit of the publican. Our litany brings us in the words of the publican, but how far do we come in the spirit ? ‘God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in Spirit and in truth’ (John iv. 24).

“About two years ago I began to seek earnestly after knowledge. I quit reading novels ; it was very hard on me to do so. I commenced reading the New Testament, with Barnes’ notes, every night, and got so interested and a thirsting for knowledge that I never got weary. I became very anxious to join a Bible-class, but did not know of any to join. I came to a knowledge that God would forgive sin, not only at the hour of death, but to-day,—the moment it was asked in faith ; and then I went to God earnestly, just using my own words, and asked Him to forgive me my sins and to make it known to me, in some way or other, that I could not have any doubt. Then Satan would say,—for now I believe it was him,—‘You can’t expect that now ; it is very well for you to ask for it, and it is right for you to ask for it, but you are too unworthy yet ; go on as you are going.’ Then I began to reason with Satan, and believed him ; denying the word of God, where He so kindly said, ‘Him that cometh unto *Me*, I will in *no wise* cast out.’ ‘Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.’ I reasoned with the devil, and not with Him who said, ‘Come now, and let us reason together : though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow ; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.’ Had I then

opened my Bible, and turned to the fourth chapter of St. James, I would read, 'Resist the devil, and he will flee from you. Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you.' And then in the third of St. John, 'And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have eternal life.' When the devil said I was too unworthy, I should have said, 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief' (1 Tim. i. 15). Sometimes I would feel that my sins were all forgiven, and that I loved God with all my heart, soul, and mind, and would be willing to give up anything or do anything for Christ's sake. Again, doubts would arise that after all I may be deceiving myself, that I am not yet *born again*, and I would feel cast down.

"About two months ago I found one of the books you gave me; it was written on the third chapter of Philipians, and I read it. The other book I thought was lost; I did not remember seeing it since I left England; I did not look for it.

"On Saturday, the 1st August, I was looking for a piece of paper, and found the book, and saw the title of the book on the cover, 'THE BLOOD OF JESUS.' Then I knew by that title it was a beautiful book. I was so pleased to find it. I remembered the giver. I sat down to read it; the first part of the preface rather cast me down, but the latter part gave me courage to go on. I read chapter after chapter with such eagerness, I wanted

to read the whole book at once. The Gospel never seemed so plain to me before. It then seemed as if I always read it with a veil over my eyes.

“The offer was too great and too free. Full pardon for all my sins, an heir of God, and joint heir with Jesus Christ, and to share His glory at the throne of God. It was so much I could not accept it in the way it was offered to me. I wanted to do something. *How blind!*”

“I thank my God that I see more clearly now that instead of trying to earn it myself by works, I had only to come to God through the merits of Jesus, not mine, and have my sins all washed away in *the blood of Jesus*; believe, receive, and go my way rejoicing. I did come to Him just as I am, a poor naked, blind, wretched, miserable sinner, and can now say in all sincerity and truth, if the trumpet would sound now, and the Son of man come again in His glory to judge the world, I am ready to meet Him and rejoice at His coming. So you see what a precious gift this little book has been to me. By the light of the Holy Spirit and this book all doubt and fear is removed. *Faith* and *love* have taken their place. I did not intend to take up so much of your time. When I commenced writing I thought two pages would contain all I would say; twenty could not contain all I would wish to say.

“I wish I had more of those books, ‘The Blood of Jesus,’ that I might lend them; for it seems that I shall be always wanting to read this one myself. I feel so rejoiced that I could not help writing to you, and also to give you courage to go on. ‘Be not weary in well-

doing ;' and as you give a book or a tract to some poor perishing sinner, ask God to bless it to him, and He will do it ; it may not be for many years.

“ And may God in His infinite goodness and mercy, in a special manner pour down the continual dew of His blessing on the author and the giver of this precious book. And I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

“ Circulate plenty of these books ; and may the Holy Spirit lead all who read them just as they are to the Saviour of the world, that they may feel the cleansing power of *the blood of Jesus*.
H. J.”

The Diffusion of Blessing.

“He first findeth his own brother, and he brought him to Jesus.”

CHAPTER VIII.

THIS most imperfect sketch of the work amongst the men would be still more incomplete than it must necessarily be if I failed to notice the blessing that has accrued not only to such numbers of themselves, but also to their relations and friends ; and the good which the “mission children” have been the means of effecting both before and after leaving the service.

The “ingenuity of love,” of which we have often heard, seemed to be well illustrated by the efforts of a young lance-corporal to reach his comrades. His great anxiety was to draw them to Christ, and he was always trying different ways, “if by any means he might save some.” Just before leaving for a foreign station, he came into the library, and said he should like to show me his scrap-book.

“You know, ma’am, I find very often they won’t read the tracts or little books, and I can’t get them to attend to anything, so I thought of this plan. I copy anything into it that I can get hold

of, a hymn or text, and then put a few scratches of red or blue ink about it, and they are so eager to read it, that they are always asking for it. When I put anything fresh in, it must always go the rounds from one to another."

It was really most interesting to see the pains he had taken to render the book attractive, with different coloured letters, little scrolls, and various kinds of bold and clear printing. The first entry in it was his name in ornamental letters, and underneath, "In remembrance of Mrs. Daniell." Then came the letter which had been written to them, giving an account of her death; then our motto card for the year, etc. On one page I noticed, in very large black printing, "Prepare to meet thy God;" so sharp and defined, that it could not fail to catch the eye of all who turned over the leaves of the book; while on another, just as clear and legible, was the question, "What must I do to be saved?" and then the hymn—

" Nothing, either great or small ;
Nothing, sinner, no ;
Jesus did it, did it all,
Long, long ago."

Much might be told of the various efforts to reach their comrades. This testimony often comes from quite independent sources, and is all the more valuable. One such was given to a friend as she

was speaking to a man of the Artillery. Not decided himself for the Lord, yet under a certain amount of impression, he had been touched to the heart by the efforts made by a Christian comrade named H—— to win him. He was especially struck by seeing “the tears running down H——’s face,” when he refused to come up to the Home. Another time, going to this comrade’s hut, he found him on his knees, and four or five laughing at him. “I was properly shamed,” the man added, when giving this account.

Another instance was a remarkable illustration of the truth that God hath before prepared the good works wherein His children should walk. A lady who was engaged in the work was visiting her own home in the north of England, and at a little meeting was much struck by the earnestness with which a poor woman prayed for the conversion of her young nephew, who was about to sail for India. Upon inquiry, she gave the name of a soldier in the battalion which some of our Christian men were just joining. Word was sent to one of them to try and find the boy,—for he was but a boy,—and on the evening of their arrival he reeled home to bed in the very room where this man—perhaps the brightest of the band—was “stopping.” As soon as he was sober enough, the Christian soldier sought him out, talked and prayed with

him, brought him to the meeting, and before the regiment sailed he gave every evidence that he had indeed passed from death unto life. Soon afterwards, he wrote from India that he had himself been blessed to the conversion of a comrade.

It has been a great happiness to find how frequently the influence of the men has extended not only to their comrades, but to their relations and friends.

One of our Christian men, who had been much troubled for the soul of a brother, of whom he had lost sight for many years, resolved, after praying for eighteen months that they might be brought together again, to write and ask their old schoolmaster in Ireland if he could give him any information. The answer brought the welcome news that he had lately received a letter from the brother, who was working in the north of England, asking for tidings of his soldier-brother, about whom he had been thinking a great deal for the previous eighteen months! Communication being thus restored, the civilian brother soon afterwards came to Aldershot. There, under the power of the Word in the Mission Hall, he was brought to feel himself a sinner, and there was soon reason to believe that he was rejoicing in the pardoning mercy of God, through Christ Jesus.

An extract from a letter gives another interest-

ing case. The sergeant to whom it refers had been converted at the Hall, and was for long one of our most active workers.

“After the class I had the Artillery prayer-meeting. Sergeant G—— asked me if I remembered our once praying about a letter which he had written one night on guard to his wife’s step-father. I remembered it well, and that at the time he had said that he thought if he had had a quire of paper with him instead of two sheets, he could have filled it all. The following week he had told us that his wife had heard from her mother, and she said that the husband, who seems to have been a great drinker, and had been tramping about the country when the letter arrived, had come back two days before she wrote, had read the letter, and seemed very much impressed by it. That may have been two months or more ago, and I had always forgotten to ask G. if he had heard anything more. Now he told us that the man still kept sober, and gave hopes of real amendment; but the best of it was that the daughter’s husband, who had also been a hard drinker and a very bad husband, had read the letter, and they believed it had been the means of his conversion.”

In the description of the Branch Homes, I spoke of the sheaf of first-fruits that God had graciously given at the opening service of the Colchester Home. One of these was a private in the 50th regiment. He was very anxious about his aged mother, and wrote to her repeatedly, telling her of

Christ. After some time he had the joy of hearing from his sister that his mother told her to say that she had light in her soul ; and he then said, " I would rather hear that than have a thousand pounds." Indeed, this quite took the sting out of the other bad news the sister sent, that one of his brothers had reduced what he gave his mother weekly (five shillings) because he was engaged to be married. It was Monday morning he heard this, and he immediately either wrote, or settled on writing, to say that, in addition to what he already contributed, he would give her the five shillings, spreading the matter before the Lord in prayer. Just twenty minutes before he was to go on guard, a message came to tell him he was put on some field-works, which would give him the five shillings extra a week.

The following year C—— S—— went to visit his aunt at Plymouth. His words and prayers and hymns had a great effect upon her, and when he left her she was in deep trouble about her soul. Very shortly after this I was at Plymouth, and at S——'s request went to see her. Poor thing ! she was indeed heavily burdened, longing for deliverance, but unable to find peace. I had a very few words of conversation with her, showing how free was the offer of salvation, and pointing her to the precious words of encouragement given

in the Scriptures. She listened as if for life, and was drawn by the cords of His great love to apprehend almost in a moment the blessed truth of a present and immediate salvation. We knelt together, and gave God thanks.

These are purely representative cases to show how the circle of influence has ever been a widening one. Parents, brothers and sisters, friends, and in numberless cases, those with whom they hope to form still closer ties, are brought to be sharers with them in the hope of the Gospel. They have also been permitted, in some instances, to begin work on a more extended scale. So early as 1864 my dear mother received a letter from an officer, in which he said :—

“ When you started the Aldershot Mission, we prayed that it might be a centre from which streams of blessing might flow to the ends of the earth. The paper I enclose is an answer to our prayers. Serjeant —— is now in China. The Lord blessed him on the voyage and is blessing him, making both him and his wife shining lights in the midst of surrounding darkness ; and now remembering Aldershot days and the blessed work we were privileged to join in there, they have established a little mission in Shanghai, for which they ask the prayers of Aldershot friends.”

And some years later, a serjeant in the regiment for whose benefit the Manchester Home was first

begun, was the principal means of inducing some clergymen and officers to start a small Institute in another garrison.

Another officer writes this year from a foreign station :—

“It struck me so much this mail getting letters from M—— from Natal, K—— from Cyprus, and M—— from Sir S. Browne’s force in Afghan ; all these converted either at Chatham Home or Aldershot, and all forming centres for work in these outlandish places.”

One thus mentioned has begun a tiny “Soldiers’ Home” in Cyprus.

Not a few from amongst those whom God has drawn to Himself have in their turn become workers with Him, some as Scripture readers and colporteurs, others as servants in the various Homes. One of the former, brought to God here in 1867, has been for some time employed in connection with the Aldershot Home as Missionary. He visits a great deal in the Camp, and is always ready to welcome the men as they arrive at the Home in the evening. Just now he is off to Zululand, to do what he can in ministering to the men, whether in the field or in hospital. This work was undertaken at his own earnest desire. When, on the 11th February, the terrible news of Isandula came, which called for the immediate despatch of so

many of our brave men to Natal, it brought to us, not only the deep gloom of sorrow for our national losses, but also a special trouble in the departure of some of the regiments that were ordered off, for in them were many men who were wont to meet here night by night, and several amongst these looked on the Hall as their spiritual birthplace. I did long that in some way or other the influence of the Home might accompany them, and great was my thankfulness when W—— said, after our little workers' prayer-meeting on the following Monday morning,—

“I do wish, ma'am, you would send me out to Natal with the troops. I just should like to go.”

“Well, W——,” I said, “that is the very thing that I should like, too ; but I hardly know how it can be managed. But we will kneel down and ask God to make His will clear to us. He can smooth away all difficulties, and take you to Natal, if He has work for you to do there.”

We prayed together, asking that He would make His way plain before our face. Most abundantly were those prayers answered. Step by step we heard the guiding voice, “This is the way ; walk ye in it.” We had but to “stand still and see the salvation of the Lord.”

During the week many plans were discussed. An officer whom I consulted told me he feared it could

not be done under £200 ; still I made inquiries about the expense of passage by the mail steamers ; and then at one time the question was mooted whether W—— could not go out as servant to an officer. However, on talking over this last scheme with him, we decided that such a situation would necessarily prevent his doing the work we wanted, so it was given up. The expense of the journey by mail steamer seemed too a formidable obstacle, though a friend to whom I had told our thought had most kindly sent me a cheque for £50. So the days went on, mostly in prayer and expectancy, “watching daily at His gates, waiting at the post of His doors,” till Saturday night came, and nothing was decided. That evening a friend arrived for a week’s special services, who with his wife had been brought to God in the Hall more than four years before. In the course of conversation I mentioned W——’s wish, saying I had not been able to see how it could be managed, but I felt sure God would open the door if He wanted us to enter it.

“Oh,” said Mr. G——, “I think Government would give you a free passage for him. I will write to —— ; I think he could get it done.”

So the letter was sent, and we waited the issue. First came a very kind reply, showing thorough appreciation of the proposed effort; and then on

the Tuesday evening a telegram from the Horse Guards :—

“ Passage to Natal will be provided in the steamship *Egypt* for a Scripture Reader. He will have to embark at Southampton by noon on 28th instant, reporting himself on board to the staff officer superintending the embarkation. He will not be required to pay for rations.”

Early next morning our friend took W—— off to the outfitters, and there provided him with all he wanted for a complete “kit,” from the waterproof bedding, valise, corduroy suit and helmet, down to the little etna and camp saucepan ; and on Friday morning he went off in high spirits by the 7·30 train to Southampton. Thus in ten days from the day he first proposed it, W——’s desires were granted, and he was off “to Natal with the troops.”

The Autumn Mancubres.

"Sow ye beside all waters
Where the dew of heaven may fall,
Ye shall reap if ye be not weary,
For the Spirit breathes o'er all."

CHAPTER IX.

THIS flight of W——'s to Zululand reminds me of rather a fresh element, which was brought into the work the very year of my dear mother's death, her earnest interest in which called forth the last letter she ever sent to the men.

The year 1871 was marked in the annals of the camp by the largest gathering of troops ever drawn together in one place in England. When the news of the "projected invasion" reached us, we felt that such an opportunity for sowing broadcast the Word of the Kingdom should not be lost, but that every nerve must be strained to use it to the very utmost. The first thought was to stir up the Christian members of the Home to earnest and systematic prayer and effort; and to this end the following letter was written to them. This and their answer will, I am sure, be read with interest:—

“ TO THE CHRISTIAN MEMBERS OF THE ALDERSHOT MISSION
HALL AND SOLDIERS' HOME AND INSTITUTE.

“ MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I thank you much for your continual remembrance of me in prayer. In the midst of this long trial of illness, it has not been one of the least of my consolations that so many prayers have constantly ascended for me from Aldershot, and above all, from the dear Mission Hall. In that day when we shall meet together in our ‘Father’s house’ above, you will doubtless learn—it may be with surprise—how many of the blessings and alleviations that have been showered upon me have been sent in answer to your supplications.

“ But my object is not simply to thank you, but also to stir you up on a subject which has much occupied my mind during the last few days: I mean the proposed large addition to your numbers in camp at the end of this month. This seems to me to call for increased activity and earnestness in our Mission work. It is an opportunity given us by God. Shall we not consider together how we may best use it for the advancement of His glory, in seeking the salvation of the thousands of precious souls who are for a brief period to be brought under our influence? I say ‘our’ influence, because, though alas! I am no longer able personally to labour, yet I love to think of you all as, in a measure, my representatives; and as I look upon the photograph which has been so kindly sent to me, I pray God that the spiritual life given to most of you in that Mission Hall may be so strong and vigorous that it may enable you all to be ‘workers together with Him.’

“I know you will all agree with me that, before any fresh effort in the way of work *for* God, we should have renewed and very earnest and very special intercourse *with* Him.

“My first suggestion, therefore, is that as many of you as possible should meet together in the class-room at 6·30 every evening for prayer. Those whose duty keeps them later, could drop in quietly without disturbing the others, if the door were left open. Let your prayers be short and to the point. Ask God to prepare the hearts of those who are coming to receive the Word, and to give to each one of you not only courage and zeal and love, but also wisdom and prudence in every effort you may make. Be much in prayer also for this during the day.

“Then secondly, as to the means to be used. It would be well for you to arrange amongst yourselves for every new regiment and battery to be visited each day by two of you during the ten days or fortnight they will be in camp. Remember for how short a time you will have them with you, and concentrate all your energy on them especially. The kind friends who are taking our place at the Hall will supply you with tracts and notices, and will also draw out a plan, showing the order in which you had better visit the several regiments.

“Our prayers will not cease to ascend with yours in earnest supplication that the great encampment of 1871 may be the means of bringing many, not only under the sound of the Gospel, but also to accept the offered pardon, that so at that other and greater gathering now fast approaching, each one of you may be amongst the number

of those who, 'having turned many to righteousness, shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.'

"I remain, your true friend,

"LOUISA DANIELL.

"EASTWICK HOUSE, GREAT MALVERN,

"August 17th, 1871.

"PROVERBS xxiv. 11, 12. JUDE 22, 23.

"'Blessed is the servant whom his Lord, when He cometh, shall find so doing.'—LUKE xxii. 43."

After a time, the following answer was received :

"I feel assured that you will forgive our apparent neglect in not having answered your kind letter before, and will accept our thanks for it now. We feel that we ought to be very grateful to ALMIGHTY GOD for His unnumbered mercies, especially for having inclined your heart to take such a great interest in us, and in having established such a noble work in Aldershot. We hear with grief and sorrow of your great trials and sufferings, yet it is not unmixed with joyful gratitude when we remember that our dear Elder Brother is with you, and helps you to suffer for His sake. I have taken the liberty of addressing this to you, on behalf of my brother comrades and self, to thank you once more for all that has been done for us, and for the great interest taken by yourself, Miss Daniell, and the dear ladies at the Home. Our hearts are full of gratitude to the Giver of all good, and we trust by His grace to be enabled, by our present and future zeal in His cause, to testify that we are worthy of the great interest so kindly taken in us.

"We continue to supplicate our God in your behalf,

that you may be exceedingly blessed (even in the midst of all your severe trials and afflictions), and that your kind heart may be warmed by further good accounts of your loving children at the Institute, and by the knowledge that many a weary soul has found peace in believing.

“ We have much cause indeed to be thankful since the work has been started of visiting the different regiments, and distributing tracts, for we have seen already some fruit: and we cannot help feeling and being conscious that the Lord is working and manifesting His power in this great camp more and more. In several places where it has been our privilege to labour and to take a message of God’s love, we have been received with gladness, and have found many anxious to hear about Jesus’ love to poor sinful men. In others we have met here and there with slight opposition, but we found it a sweet privilege to suffer for His sake who suffered so much for us.

“ It is very sweet to us to hear that in the midst of such deep affliction you still remember us. We consider it a deep honour and privilege, and give you, dear, dear lady, our heartfelt and humble thanks. We feel it a great honour to be your ‘representatives’ in such a noble and glorious work. And now, dear lady, we trust you will forgive the imperfect form of our humble thanks, and we can jointly say, ‘Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to His abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you who are

kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation. We desire to offer our united prayers in your behalf, and also for dear Miss Daniell; for have we not the blessed promise that 'whatsoever ye ask in My name, I will give it you'?

"We thank you also for the tracts, and have the honour to subscribe ourselves, dear lady, your grateful children,

"THE CHRISTIAN MEMBERS OF THE MISSION HALL."

A plan was drawn up for the systematic visiting of each different regiment and battery. Night by night the kind friends who were here in our absence made arrangements with the men, settling how the various corps should be visited on the morrow, sending them out "two and two," with tracts and invitations. Besides this, our two missionaries were constantly at work in the same way; one remaining at "head-quarters," the other paying visits of two and three days to the several divisions in their encampments at Woolmer, Hartford Bridge Flats, Chobham, and Pirbright. Our anxious desire through it all was that, either by tract, by personal conversation, or by securing their attendance at the services in the Mission Hall, the "gospel of the grace of God" might be brought to bear upon each individual soul of the thousands congregated together. By God's blessing and help this was, we believe, most thoroughly accomplished; and the

results of that three weeks' special effort for God will only be known in that day when "every man's work shall be made manifest." A short time afterwards the following letter was received, bearing testimony to the benefit reaped by one soul; and we trust that it was only the first-fruits of an abundant harvest, to be gathered in "after many days":—

"I had the great pleasure of attending the Mission Hall at Aldershot when lately with the autumn manœuvres, and am happy to say much to my greatest benefit. I have since been working as the Lord would have me for the spread of His name, and have made many Christian friends, who although I am now about to leave, sad indeed is the parting; but the Lord's ways are all for the best, teaching us that here we have no abiding place, but seek one above, whose Author and Maker and Finisher is Christ, who is the same yesterday and for ever, in Malta, and everywhere. I return my thanks for the glad news I heard at Aldershot Mission Hall; also the work of the Lord is going on wonderfully at Tralee and Dublin. Praying earnestly that the Lord will keep them. . . .

"Oh, what a glorious shout there'll be
When we arrive at home!
Our friends and Jesus we shall see,
And God shall say, 'Well done.'"

During the autumn manœuvres of the following year we had the same delightful opportunity through our Scripture Readers of proclaiming the

Gospel, either by word of mouth or through the medium of books and tracts, to the many thousands congregated together. Before giving extracts from the many letters written from "the seat of war" by "our own correspondents," perhaps it will be well to describe their plan of operations. The "southern army," assembled on the downs around Blandford, consisted mostly of regiments drawn from various parts of the kingdom, but some few from the Aldershot division joined its ranks. Knowing as we do something of the difficulties and temptations that beset the line of march (the men being billeted in public-houses), it occurred to us to send two of our Scripture Readers, well known and loved by the members of the Hall, to meet them, as far as it was practicable, at their various halting-places. The one who first started, after seeing them at two halting-places, hastened on to Blandford, where he secured lodgings as near the camp as possible for himself and his fellow-worker, who was following in the company of another regiment. I had previously written to a friend, the rector of a village near Blandford, to interest him in our undertaking. He had often preached for us in the Hall, and thus knew the nature of the work, in which he most heartily sympathised. His reply was an exceedingly kind one, and through his help the Missionaries were comfortably domiciled. Their work was two-

fold:—first, to do all they could for their old friends in the regiments which had been stationed at Aldershot, either when meeting them on the line of march or at Blandford; secondly, to spread among the regiments, who were ordered to Aldershot after the campaign, the knowledge of the fact that a Home and a welcome awaited them on their arrival at the new station. Perhaps a copy of the little paper of invitation with which they were provided may prove not uninteresting.

“TO THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE
—— BATTALION, —— REGIMENT, ROYAL ——.

“When you come to Aldershot, will you make your way to the ‘Soldiers’ Home,’ standing close to the East Cavalry Barracks? A hearty welcome awaits you there!

“Newspapers, Periodicals, Books, and Games are provided in the Reading and Smoking Rooms. Refreshments at moderate charges can be obtained at the Bar. And the Hall or Class room is opened nightly for Bible Classes, Gospel Addresses, or Temperance Meetings.

“You are affectionately invited to use this Home as much as possible. Nothing will give your Friends here greater pleasure.

“ALDERSHOT MISSION HALL, AND SOLDIERS’ HOME AND INSTITUTE.

“*August, 1872.*”

I now subjoin the extracts from the Missionaries’ journals and letters:—

"*Friday, 9th August.*—Afternoon, I went to P—— to meet with —— R.A., to have a meeting with the dear men. This battery has just left Aldershot for Blandford. I reached the place about six o'clock. At something after seven we had a meeting. I gave the men a tea. I had C——, B——, S——, H——, and O——. They were very pleased to see me, and our meeting was a happy one. —— seemed much affected. Broke up about nine, as they start very early in the morning. Saw them off about half-past five o'clock, and then returned home."

"SALISBURY STREET, BLANDFORD,

"*August 12th, 1872.*

"MY DEAR MADAM,—I reached Southampton a little before nine o'clock Saturday night; but as the train was so late, C—— had gone, and I was not able to find him till Sunday morning. Found him at the —— Hotel. He was so pleased to see me. He said, 'I waited for you as long as I could at the station, and was sorry to leave without seeing you.' He also wishes me to tell you he is *all right*, and *very happy*. I was able to get only C—— and B—— to tea with me on Sunday evening. They were very busy all day, cleaning their harness for inspection; so as little could be done among them I went round by the dock, where I found a poor old Christian preaching. . . . After he had done, I asked if I might speak. I did so from Luke x. The afternoon I went to L—— Street. Here there are only low lodgings. Hundreds came out to hear. After tea, —— and I went to the Park, where great numbers were pleasure seeking. I again stood up for the

dear Lord, and soon had about four or five hundred round me. C—— and two other soldiers stood with me. . . . This morning I came on to Blandford, and found Mr. V—— had engaged a room for me at Tarrant Monkton, near to the encampment. The Rev. —— C—— has just called to see me, and he is doing all he can to help me in the work. He is coming down to speak in the room for me, or do anything he can to help. There are only the 3rd Dragoon Guards, and 12th Lancers, as whole regiments, here as yet. Numbers coming in to-morrow.”

The next extract is from the other Missionary, who started a few days later, to follow the line of march of another regiment:—

“BASINGSTOKE, *August 14th*, 1872.

“DEAR MADAM,—I arrived here quite safe. . . . I found a place close to the station, and soon found B——and P——, and I afterwards found D——. . . I had these to tea, and they were very pleased. I had a long conversation with P—— about salvation. Poor fellow! he seems thirsting after righteousness, but he wants to feel something. . . . He said he longed to be a Christian, but he is such a temper that he often speaks too sharp. I directed him to Christ, and I hope and trust the Lord will show Him His righteousness. I saw Col. S——, and he was pleased to see me. The regiment left here this morning. I undid my bundle of tracts, and went round amongst them. I saw D——, J——, P——, and B——, who said he would have a word with P—— whenever he got the opportunity.

I saw another who had just begun to attend the Hall before leaving Aldershot. I spoke to him of Christ's salvation. I told all I spoke to about the meetings at Blandford, and asked them to try and attend them as often as possible. I hope to have a better chance with the —— in getting them together. . . . I trust the Lord will bless the means used to keep His children together from the ways of the world during this time of trial. It will be a hard and sore battle with them, but I commend them and myself to the Lord."

"TARRANT MONKTON, NEAR BLANDFORD,

"August 15th, 1872.

" . . . To the Cavalry Camp it is six miles. I was there yesterday, and last night I saw J——, ——, K——, W——, M——, Sergt. H——, etc., etc. We had a very happy little meeting. . . . It was a blessed time. . . . I have the coffee machine, and it will be very useful indeed if I may be allowed to use it at the Camp, as an order is now out that no soldier may go beyond a mile from the Camp. So I thought I would make some coffee in the Camp for the men, if I am allowed; that I will hear from Captain D——. We had a happy meeting last night, just a little away from the tents, M——, B——, G——, T——, and H——, and poor C——, who walked about four miles to the meeting with me. This is about the distance from one end of the race-course to the other, and the Artillery are encamped at one end and the Cavalry at the other. I thought when S—— came, I would go over to the Cavalry, and work a few days, and then work

back again to the Artillery, and S—— could work at the line. The dear men are that pleased to see me, that my hand stands a poor chance. All wish to be remembered to you. It is truly refreshing to hear how *earnestly* you are *pleaded* for and the dear Mission Hall at large.

“I don’t think we can do better than we are—working all day with the tracts, and a meeting every night.

“I went with C—— to the Cavalry Division on Saturday. I saw B—— and T——. We managed to take a room for meetings, between the two Cavalry Brigades. We went out well loaded yesterday, and came home empty. I must say there is plenty of work. The fields are white to harvest—the souls are thirsting for food. They snap up everything. We could make away with all our tracts in a day or so. The large bundle I brought with me is nearly all gone. The tracts that C—— brought are nearly all gone. We gave away half the Testaments yesterday : they were received very eagerly. . . . I was at the meeting of the Infantry last night. I was so pleased to see our dear friends in the —— still standing steadfast. . . . After the meeting, I met a man of the —— corps, from ——, a Christian. He was so pleased to know about the the meetings, and wished he had known before. . . . Yesterday, over in the camp of the ——, the men were playing at some game, and there were hundreds of people standing round. C—— asked if they would allow him to go in the ring for a few minutes, and as soon as he got in, one of the men took hold of his arm, and said, ‘ You’re the chap ! I’ll back you up ! ’ But C—— spoke to him of the Lord Jesus, and he very soon slunk away then ; and C——

began to give away the tracts, books, and Testaments, and they almost rushed upon him for them.

“We had a good day yesterday—a fine chance of giving away tracts. There were thousands of people about. I should think we gave away about 5000 tracts and little books. At times I was surrounded by the dear soldiers to get them. . . . In the evening we had a good meeting in the cottage I told you of. Our dear Lord’s presence was very sweet. We sung so hearty, ‘I was a wandering sheep.’ I read and spoke from John iii. We meet every night at half-past seven o’clock. I have no doubt S—— has told you all about his meeting.

“Will you pray for J——? He got his leg broken on Saturday through a kick of one of their horses. It was a very bad break. I did not know it had happened till Sunday night, and yesterday I went to see him. As I entered his tent, I found him reading a small Bagster’s Testament. As soon as he saw me his face brightened up. . . . He told me he found peace in prison about six months ago. He said, ‘I had been drinking, and came in and said and did something to one of the officers, which was the cause of my imprisonment; and while there I became wretched about my soul, and in that lonely prison Jesus spoke peace to my burdened soul, and now in this hospital tent He is so precious to me.’ . . . There was such a nice spirit of prayer for him in our meeting last night. . . . I have had much real joy in the dear Lord’s work down here, and I feel assured I shall have, through the many prayers that are being offered up for me.

“The Rev. Mr. C—— held the meeting of the Infantry

last night. One man of the —— regiment seemed deeply impressed by the Word. Mr. C—— has promised to come over and hold an open-air service on Sunday next, God willing.

“ At the Cavalry Camp to-day I had a very nice conversation with Col. S——, who said, ‘ I am so pleased to hear of your cottage meetings, although I have not been able to come myself. My servant told me what happy meetings you are having. I shall always be glad to see you in my regiment.’ . . . Working through the —— Militia. Tracts were quite new here, and men were very anxious to get them. I found two sergeants, Christians, when I got to the meetings. . . . This morning I finished going through the —— Militia, and the afternoon in the Cavalry. We had a most blessed meeting at night. Twelve of the dear men were present. Col. —— said, ‘ I am so thankful you came down here to work.’ ”

After more than a fortnight at Blandford, the two missionaries returned home to Aldershot on Monday, the 26th. The next day the Northern Army marched out. Most of the men who had been attending the Hall during several months belonged to this division, and special interest was therefore taken in it. Two of our missionaries were again sent out, the third remaining for the work of the Hall. I again cull from the journals and letters :—

“ Went out with the Northern Army to Bramshill.

At night we had a good meeting of the men, and a large number of strangers and villagers. We read and prayed. It was very happy to see many faces beaming with joy, while we stood and sung that hymn, 'Oh, happy day.' Our meeting closed at eight o'clock.

"To-day we marched to Burghfield. At night we had a meeting in a wood, when a good number came to hear. Our singing was the means of drawing a great many strangers."

"Froxfield, August 30th, 1872.

"MY DEAR MADAM,—I am glad to tell you we have had a good number at our meetings; and although the marchings have been very heavy, yet it has been no hindrance as yet to men coming together at night about seven o'clock. We have as many as sixty or seventy a night to our meeting. Many come round as we strike up our hymns. Many others stop awhile, and then pass on. Please to excuse my writing any more now from under a hedgerow on the Froxfield Common."

"Last night our meeting was the most affecting one I have witnessed for some time. . . . We invited the dear men to a tea at 4.30, and here I will give you their names: . . . We began by singing that precious hymn, 'Oh eyes that are weary.' Then H—— and G—— prayed. Then two or three spoke shortly, so that many might pray. There was truly a sweet spirit of prayer. You were much prayed for by the dear men, that God would use you to the conversion of many precious souls. De

madam, it was a time of *weeping*, yet rejoicing. Dear M—— said, ‘If dear Miss D—— could just see us gathered in this happy meeting, how it would rejoice her.’ Our time came to part. Some said, ‘Good-bye;’ others could not. It was so hard to part.

“The Spirit of the Lord was there, and while allusion was being made to the thought of many of us parting soon, all seemed to feel it, and some could not refrain from tears, remembering the sweet fellowship we had had together at the Mission Hall, and many were the earnest prayers offered up to God for His blessing on you, and the work which the Lord had put into your hands. Thanks were given for blessings received then, and some of the dear men, who we scarcely hoped to see many more times, seemed as if they could hardly say good-bye.”

Before passing on from this subject, it may be well to give the following letter, from one who had found the Lord here four years before, and who had since, by God’s grace, maintained a consistent Christian walk. He was at Blandford for the manœuvres, and wrote to give us an account of the spiritual work going on there. The Mr. C—— mentioned is one of the missionaries.

“*Near Blandford, August 27th, 1872.*

“. . . I have no doubt you will be glad to hear of the welfare of some of the Lord’s people here. . . . I arrived on the 8th. Owing to our long stay, we have begun to

feel quite at home, and have made the acquaintance of some dear children of God in the town, who have ministered to us both spiritually and temporally. Mr. C—— and H—— arrived here about ten days since. I have seen them several times ; but as they are more engaged among the Infantry Camps, which are five miles distant, we are not able to meet so often as could be wished. I have visited the Christians in the Cavalry Brigade, and found them all rejoicing in Christ, though all have more or less felt the evil influence of the circumstances in which they are placed ; but this has been blessed to our profit, in giving us to value the opportunities of meeting together for exhortation and prayer, which have been arranged nightly. The attendance proves how much they are valued. . . . I have felt much the necessity of continual fellowship with the Lord amid the surrounding bustle and strife, as in the world we have tribulation ; but ‘I will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Me.’

“ ‘Tis only in Thee hiding,
I know my life secure ;
Only in *Thee abiding*,
The *conflict can endure*.’

“I have been enabled to enjoy the Lord’s presence much of late, which has given me much joy and power in commending Him to others. . . . Pray for us all, that we may live in that atmosphere of unbroken communion, and that we may go on believing, for it seems to me that he who believes most fights best . . .”

Some time after this, a man of another corps, in speaking of the writer of the above, made use of some such expressions as the following :—"I never liked anything better than going round the rooms with C——. He would go into a room, and not come out again till he had spoken personally to every man in it. I never saw any one so bold as he was, and pleasant with it too."

Soldiers' Difficulties.

"If on my face, for Thy dear name,
Shame and reproach shall be ;
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me."

"Then shall He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place."

CHAPTER X.

A SOLDIER'S is proverbially not the calling suited to a coward. Men whose "trade" it is to go with their lives in their hand and to be willing, at any moment, to face the enemy's bullet or the thrust of his bayonet, must be endowed, in no scant measure, with physical courage and endurance. And though now the soldiers of Christ have not, as in the early days of the Church, to follow Him

"Through flood, through fire and sword,"

yet there is abundant need for the prayer of the Apostles to find its constant echo from their lips, "And now, Lord, behold their threatenings: and grant unto Thy servants that with all boldness they may speak Thy word."

True, the persecution for righteousness' sake does not often go beyond the cutting word, the sharp pointed ridicule, or the sneer of contempt; but such weapons are just those which the enemy of souls most constantly uses against young Chris-

tians, knowing too well their terrible power. To some sensitive natures it is indeed a struggle to come out boldly on the Lord's side in face of jesting and mockery. It would be quite impossible for me to give the numerous instances of this that have come before us. Perhaps there is no more accurate test of the tone of their Christian life than that of kneeling down by their beds "before the lights are out." How often has the dreaded scoff kept them back from witnessing for the Lord! But if really His, this is always done sooner or later, and they have no true peace till they have thus shown their colours.

A man in a Highland regiment once gave us his experience in this matter:—"I think what had kept me back was the fear of man. I dared not kneel down. Then, one night, a corporal of the Rifles spoke about soldiers being afraid to kneel down in their rooms. Ah! I felt that condemned me, and I must do it that night. I waited about ever so long, was very slow in taking off my clothes, and I didn't kneel till the lights were out. There was no one saw me but the man in the next bed, but every one in the room knew it pretty soon, and by next day it was all over the depôt, 'So-and-so's turned a blue light!' The worst was the next night; generally there's plenty of chatting when we're getting to bed, but there wasn't a word in

the whole room then, while they were waiting to see me do it. But I've not much to complain of with comrades; it's the evil heart within is the worst."

One evening at a Bible-class the remark was made that persecution for Christ may take different forms, sometimes it might be a scornful look.

"Oh, yes!" said one of the men very cheerfully, "when I was coming out with my Bible under my arm some man in the balcony called out, 'Let us pray.'"

Quite accidentally, in the course of conversation one evening with some of the Christian men, the fact was mentioned that when they had been out on the manœuvres one of their number was kneeling down praying one morning, and a man took a great piece of wood and struck him on the head with it. Of course pillows, boots, potatoes, coals, and occasionally the contents of a can of water, are very ordinary missiles.

It would be easy to multiply instances, and to tell of much active effort that has been repeatedly put forth to induce the Christian soldier to deny Christ, but enough has been said to indicate what those who will "live godly in Christ Jesus" have to go through. Nor is it only in the endurance of these things that the Christians have to show boldness and determination. When a civilian is

converted, though he may have much to bear from his fellow-workmen as long as he is with them, yet he is not always necessarily in their society. He can be away from them at meals, and his work over he goes to his home, and has some hours free from their persecution and temptations. But with the soldier this is quite different. Morning, noon, and night, on parade, on guard, or in his leisure hours, he is continually in the company of his godless comrades. There is no escaping from it. If, as is too often the case, he is the only Christian in the room, he leads, so to speak, the life of an alien. From being completely at home with them, the life and soul perhaps of all the "goings on" in the room, he suddenly falls into the place almost of a stranger; sometimes unnoticed at all, sometimes noticed as the fitting butt for some scathing irony or some unseemly jest.

Then too there is the continual trial of hearing the "conversation of the wicked." The swearing and cursing and blasphemy has proved an indescribable torture to many of the followers of the Lord, and has driven them to their wits' end. One man said about this, on his removal to another station, where, alas! there was no Home where he could spend his evenings,—

"I used to go to church or chapel whenever I

could, but when there was no place open, I have often walked the streets, even in the pouring rain, rather than go back to my barrack room to hear the talk."

Another told us how he "stuffed his fingers in his ears," after going to bed at night, that he might not hear the awful language.

A Highlander writes from Natal:—"During the passage out from England the swearing and sin around, from the time we rose in the morning till we closed our eyes at night, was something appalling."

Added to this public life and the constant surroundings of the world, there is much in the military training itself which renders the men more peculiarly susceptible to temptation. Accustomed to be continually thought for, instead of being made to think for himself, all his wants of daily food and clothing provided for him without any care of his own, "Tommy Atkins" naturally falls into a light-hearted careless life, and with the passions of a man has much of the character of a child. Moreover, "he does not, as any other working man, stand alone in his individuality, but becomes a unit in a mass;" and so he too often sinks or rises, swayed by the multitude around him. I have been led to consider all these things as furnishing perhaps some clue to what has

always been a painful mystery : “ How is it that so many professing Christians from amongst both officers and men go back to the world ? ” I do not mean only of those who have been brought to God through the instrumentality of the work at Aldershot and the Branch Homes, though we of course have had some bitter trials in that way ; but I have been struck through our years of work by the numbers—I might almost say the innumerable numbers—who, in answer to the question whether they were on the Lord’s side, have answered with sad and downcast faces, “ Oh, I knew all about that once. Once I was happy ; once I was serving God ; but now—— ” and there was no need for them to fill up the blank. We knew, alas ! too well what that “ but now ” meant.

We think the discipline of the military life and the surroundings to which I have referred, may in a great measure account for this. Then of course, like so many others who have not had the privilege of careful training in their childhood, they lack those mental and moral restraints which form additional bulwarks against the power of temptation for those who have had more pains bestowed upon them. Besides all this, they are mostly, when first converted, very ignorant of their Bibles,—I mean of even the letter, to say nothing of the entire absence of any spiritual understanding, and they are also

constantly placed in circumstances where they can get little if any help in the way of Christian teaching or communion. Of course, all these disadvantages tend to choke the good seed ; and though there are, thank God, abundant testimonies that He can and does "keep the feet of His saints," yet at the same time, as I said before, as I look back on the experience of the past years, I cannot but be struck by the numbers of those to whom the work at the Homes has been blessed—not by bringing them for the first time to God, but by leading the steps of the wanderers once more into the paths of peace.

“Patient Continuance in Well-doing.”

“I thank my GOD upon every remembrance of you.”

CHAPTER XI.

IT would be quite easy to fill two or three chapters with nothing but histories of backsliders restored; but were I to do so this volume would outgrow all reasonable limits. I would rather say something on the happier topic of the "patient continuance in well-doing."

Let me give one illustrative incident. It was in the year 1868 that one night, on leaving the library, I noticed a young soldier waiting about, who seemed anxious to be spoken to. When asked, he said he was unhappy about his soul, and had got a pass, hoping he might find someone who would speak to him. After a short time, I went down to the Reading Room, and began to tell him about the love of Jesus. He listened most attentively and eagerly, and seemed thoroughly wretched. I proposed prayer. After I rose from my knees he still remained kneeling, and at last burst out, in the most despairing tone of voice,—“Oh, I have such dreadful secrets.”

I asked him to get up, and we would look toge-

ther at some more texts, which might help him. After some further talk, he said,—

"Oh, I *must* tell you everything!"

"Well, what is it?"

"I'm not English at all : I'm German."

"Well? and you ran away from home, I suppose?"

"Yes, ma'am; and then I went on board a ship, and ran away from that, and went on board another, and ran away from that. And I enlisted in the — Regiment, and after a bit I deserted from that. Then I went in another ship to Russia, and there I was miserable; I went to Malta and gave myself up. However, the doctor would not pass me, so the regiment did not claim me. Then I came to Manchester, where I enlisted in the regiment I am now in."

All this was said amidst many tears and sighs. When he had ended, I asked, "Is this all you have to tell me?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, I have just the same thing to tell you as I had before,—'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from *all* sin,' and He can cleanse all these sins of which you have been telling me, as well as the sins of your whole life. Only go to Him now, and put Him to the test."

After a little more talk, without a word from me, he fell on his knees, and began praying for himself

most earnestly, though in very broken words and accents—just one or two short sentences, when his tears prevented his going on. I prayed with him again, and then he seemed able to grasp the truth of a present salvation even for him, and gave God thanks.

Not long after he was much troubled by a letter from home, which he brought on himself by sending rather a sermon. I asked if he had confessed his sins to them in the past and asked his father's forgiveness.

“No.”

He soon saw that this was the true way of preaching at home, and wrote a most humble penitent letter, to which he received a kind reply.

A few weeks after his conversion he was found pleading with and for a young man who was in much spiritual darkness. His remark was, “—— is so *troublesome*,”—by which he meant “troubled,”—“he can't trust in Jesus.”

After some months he was led aside by the sneers of his comrades and induced to leave off attending the Hall for a time. He was however repeatedly sent for, and at last a little note brought him “home” again, and we fully believed that day also saw him restored to the joy and rejoicing of his Heavenly Father's house. When I was speaking and praying with him, some of his broken utterances

for himself were most touching. There was no difficulty in persuading him to return to Jesus ; he was just longing to go back to Him.

"Take me for Thy child once more," he prayed. "I am not worthy ; but oh, take me ! When Jesus died He said it was finished—nothing more to be done. Oh, let it be finished for *me*. Satan has stolen my soul away from Thee, and told me the earthly pleasures were better than the heavenly pleasures : but oh, show me that it is not so ! Let me alway serve Thee, and not turn away when the fight comes."

He continued stedfast while the regiment was in Aldershot, and I heard from him once or twice afterwards. Then for some years I quite lost sight of him till a few months ago, when the calling out of the Reserves brought him to the neighbourhood of Plymouth. He soon made his way to the Home there, delighted once more to find himself in such a place. God has mercifully kept him through all these years. He is now married and settled down with his wife and two children in a little village in Cornwall, where he is a member of a Church, teacher in a Sunday-school, and seems to be leading a consistent life.

Incidental testimony comes to us from various quarters. Sometimes it is an officer mentioning one by name who had found the Lord here a year

before, and telling us how a friend in a distant city had spoken of the “Aldershot men” as the mainstay of his Bible-class among the troops, particularly singling out this sergeant as his greatest help. The mention of another name drew forth the encouraging news that only three weeks before he had been in Edinburgh on temporary duty, and was still holding on his way bearing quiet testimony to the reality of the change which had taken place here four years before. Another of our old members, who left the Camp in 1865, writing from the North of India to a lady connected with the Garus-Wilson Society, says under date of November 11th, 1872:—

“Captain M—— asked one of our men if he was ready? He said ‘yes,’ with a smile. He asked him ‘when?’ He said, ‘Two years ago at Aldershot.’ Soon after he was taken with cholera at Murree, but God has spared his life, and I hope to see him soon.”

An officer writes :—

“Touching those men of my Battalion who found blessing in attending the services at the Mission Hall, I am happy to say I have not heard of any one whom we had reason to believe truly converted to God going back to that world which knows Him not. On the contrary, they seem to be upheld by the prayers in their behalf which are so often offered by their old Christian friends, and which I trust will continue to follow their spiritual course

as they accompanied its commencement. Poor ——, my former servant, certainly has been a backslider, by all accounts, since getting his discharge; but he was not one of those who were converted during the stay of the regiment in Aldershot, having been a religious man long before the return of his regiment from China in 1862. I feel no doubt that the Lord will, after showing him the folly and evil of his heart, bring back the poor wanderer to the narrow path. Our Christian men remember most gratefully the privileges and blessings of the Aldershot Mission. To speak of the fruits of the Mission work as mere transitory excitement can only be charitably accounted for by supposing that those who thus describe them are quite ignorant of what God has wrought by means of your Institution. I was a close watcher of what went on there during my two years at the camp, and can testify to the blessing experienced by all ranks since its commencement. How many more could add their testimony to mine in this matter!"

How many indeed! As I copied this letter I was reminded that only the other day a friend who was lunching here spoke of one of these very men, who is now employed as a policeman in her village, and is a centre of much blessing to others. "It does me good only to look at his face," she added. These testimonies are well supplemented by the following extract from a letter written in 1877 from the Woolwich Home:—

“L—— has been transferred to the District Staff, and J—— to another battery, which remains here. They both left their battery with such good characters. J—— got the cross whips and £3, being the best driver in his battery; and their Captain told Col. —— that L—— was the best gunner they had, and the Sergeant-Major also said the same. You no doubt remember them both before they knew the Lord in years gone by. What a different character their Captain would then have had to give of them !”

The “L——” mentioned here is one of the many instances too of the truth of that promise, “In due season we shall reap if we faint not.” Brought as we hoped to God about the year 1867, his onward Christian life was marked by nothing but a succession of falls, owing to the terrible power which “the drink” had over him. Time after time did he fall, and time after time was he lifted up out of the mire and set again on his feet, our only consolation for a long time being that these awful falls came gradually at longer and longer intervals, and were of decreasing duration. At length the power of the enemy seemed broken, the poor captive set free. For a year or more before the battery left he was walking consistently “in the comfort of the Holy Ghost,” and has since held firmly on his way, and become quite a leader amongst the other men.

As our hearts turn to one and another of those who through God’s goodness are witnessing a goo

confession, we often in spirit press onward to that time when they will all be together in the Father's House above, when she who by His special grace was permitted so successfully to labour for their sakes shall have the unspeakable joy of presenting them before God.

Shall not they be her hope, and joy, and crown of rejoicing "in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at His coming" ?

Temperance Work.

“ I admire those who avoid wine as they would fire, yet fire is
a good creature of GOD.”— *Clement of Alexandria.*

CHAPTER XII.

SOME few years ago a lady was holding a little service in a room densely crowded with poor people. For several Sundays she had met them in this way, and as each Sunday evening came round, the room grew fuller, and the rapt attention of the people seemed to deepen. On this particular Sunday, as she was talking to them, she suddenly asked,—

“ Oh ! what is the hindrance ? What is keeping you back from the new and blessed life of which I am telling you ? You are so kind to me, so earnest, so willing to listen, and yet there is something I am sure—some great and terrible hindrance—between you and that better life ! ”

There was a moment's pause, while she lifted up her heart to God that He would Himself speak to them. Then she asked again,—

“ Oh ! what is keeping you back from these offers of mercy ? ”

The answer came with terrible emphasis from one voice after another in that crowded assembly,—

“It’s the drink.” “Yes, it’s the drink—it’s all the drink.”

Women wept, and the voices of strong men shook, as they gave the answer, and they and their friend went down on their knees to tell God about their terrible bondage, and to beseech His power to deliver.

And after nearly seventeen years of this work amongst soldiers, if the same kind of question were put to me, if I were asked, “What is the greatest hindrance you have to contend with in your work?” I should answer, without the slightest hesitation,—

“It’s the drink. Yes, it’s the drink—it’s all the drink.”

We cannot but feel strongly on this matter. Every year’s experience only shows us more and more unmistakably that indulgence in the craving for drink is the sin which more than any other hinders the work of God, brings reproach upon His name, destroys countless numbers of souls, and continually saddens and discourages the heart of the worker.

This being the case, it is easily seen what a powerful adjunct—nay, what an absolute necessity, the temperance work is in connection with the Homes.

It is an acknowledged fact that drunkenness is the curse of the British army. Put away drunkenness, and you would put away nine-tenths at least of

all the crime in the Service ; we might almost go farther, and say all the crime. It is not long since an officer commanding a battery said, with marked emphasis,—

“ If it were not for the drink there would be no crime at all in my battery.”

And this was not the testimony of a teetotaler. It certainly seems a pity he should not become one, if it were only for the sake of the example to his men.

I think perhaps nothing would give a plainer proof of the hindrance the drink is than just transcribing from the old reports of this Mission the various incidental remarks made on the subject, made of course without the smallest idea of their ever being used for such a purpose.

“ He had been converted in India several years before, but on his return home he fell under the power of his old enemy drink, and for many months led a life of terrible sin and wretchedness.”

“ She had been dreadfully given to drink.”

“ She drove her husband almost desperate, and he began to drink.”

“ He had been ten years in the service, drinking hard all the time ; and though he had taken it into his head to sign, there was about him the excitability of a man who is habitually under the influence of drink.”

“ I have great cause to bless the day I signed the pledge.

I often fear that had I continued to drink, I, like many others, might have fallen away, and become a curse to society, or filled a drunkard's grave."

"Poor fellow! It was the old story of having tried hard many times to be better by leaving off the drink which had been as usual the great stumbling-block."

"He had been very unsteady, drunkenness and insubordination continually getting him into the military prison."

"Under the influence of drink he stole something in the town, was imprisoned by the civil power, and since he had been out had been going on the same. This night he was drinking in a public-house where he had spent much, and having spent his last penny, they would give him none."

"'I had been drinking, and came in and said and did something to one of the officers, which was the cause of my imprisonment.'"

"The first was written by one who ten years ago came into the Hall intoxicated to sign the pledge."

"Distributed tracts among the people and soldiers congregated around Edmond's Menagerie. One told me that that week he had spent £8 in drink. In three weeks he had consumed all his savings."

"The husband seems to have been a great drinker, and had been tramping about the country. The daughter's husband had also been a hard drinker, and a very bad husband."

“He was so depressed, and could take no pleasure in anything. I daresay it is partly physical, though he is not aware of it. So hard a drinker as he was before his conversion must feel the effects sometimes.”

“He was spoken to and prayed with many times; made many resolutions, and seemed very wretched; but was so tied and bound with the chain of sin that again and again he fell back into the old habits of drinking.”

“T—— came to say there was a rifleman in great trouble, not very sober, and wanting to sign the pledge. He had been drinking in the canteen. . . . While the regiment was abroad, he had during a drunken fit deserted and joined the Fenians. . . . He left off drinking for a time. However, he took to it again, and kept on till this evening.”

“Corporal D—— writes: ‘I saw the awful amount of crime that was day by day committed by the men, and the punishment they were undergoing, through that accursed enemy drink.’”

“He said, ‘Drinking was his great temptation.’”

“He was at length induced to come up and sign the pledge; and though not perfectly sober that first evening, yet, by God’s preventing grace, he held to his promise.”

“He says he has been so miserable, and tried to drown it in drink.”

“There’s a little room near his office where he used to go when he had been drinking.”

“W. B., that great drunkard !”

“There was a great change in him ; he had left off drinking.”

“After a grievous fall he had come back, and for fourteen months led a Christian life, thanking God every day for having taken away all taste for drink, till one sad day he thought he could trust himself to take a glass of beer. For a week he kept to that ; then the old longing revived, and he fell lower and lower.”

“Another of F——’s special interests was C——. He had professed to surrender to God, but, alas ! the drink had again and again overcome him.”

“C—— was full of joy over an answer to prayer for a comrade who was much tempted to drink.”

“He had been on guard, and the men had asked him to lend them money, and had spent it in drink.”

“More than once has he been awakened after one of his drunken frolics by the pleading tones of his mother’s voice, as, kneeling by his bedside, she besought with agony for the soul of her son.”

“Then I just tried to forget it all, and went to the drink.”

“All the next day he drank.”

“He said he had been drinking all the week, and even then was not perfectly sober. He kept his promise, and seemed going on steadily, but we soon heard he had again given way to drink. For two months this terrible struggle continued,—some days sober, and then returning to the old sin; then again a temporary amendment, but to fall deeper and deeper. At length, one day, when he was roaming about in a state of utter misery and wretchedness, he said to himself, ‘I have heard all about this peace that is to be had by believing; and if it is to be had, I won’t leave this field till I get it;’ and he fell on his knees by the side of a hedge and prayed in an agony for a very long time. At last, he said, it seemed to him he heard someone saying the word ‘Peace’ out loud, and from that moment his soul was filled with joy, and he praised the Lord for having saved him. At his hands the Kingdom of Heaven suffered violence, and he took it by force. He went down to the Home early the next Sunday morning to tell of his deliverance from the power of sin and his joy in the Lord. The mats which he used to make to sell at the public-houses for drink, he now makes to sell to buy clothes for his children.”

“He had been to the meeting, and he had not been quite sober. . . . A very bitter earthly trial had thrown him into such depths of sorrow that he took to drinking.”

If our memories would but serve us, I might multiply these cases a hundredfold. It is comparatively rare to meet with any of the men who have

not been more or less under the influence of drink. Of course there are exceptions; but this is true of the majority.

I remember a farrier sergeant of Artillery who came into the Hall years ago to sign the pledge, telling me he had been in the habit of spending as much as £70 a year in drink.

Another told me how twice or three times over his parents had sent him the money to purchase his discharge. Each time he spent it all in drink, till at last his poor mother died of a broken heart.

Speaking of his past life, an old marine said to me one day,—

“ Oh, miss, I cannot tell you what the drink did for me; how it dragged me and pulled me down. Well, there, miss, I could not tell you the things that I did. I remember once me and five others had just joined a new ship. We had got our new kits and all, and then we got leave and came ashore. We drank and drank till we had drunk away all our money, and then we begun on our kits, and we drank all the clothes, everything we had, boots and socks and all, till we had nothing but just the one shirt and trousers we stood in. Of course we were over our time, and there were bills out for us, and a reward to anyone who would take us back to the ship. So we promised a comrade we would give ourselves up to him if he would give us half

the money beforehand, which he did, and we all drank it together, and then went back to the ship.

“Ah, miss,” he said not long ago, “I was such a drunkard. I was too bad even for the public-houses. The landlord of the ‘George’ told me once that he’d forgive me all my score if I’d never come into the place again.”

With reference to this subject, a friend supplies me with the following:—

“Only during the last few months we have been struggling in one single Home—it seems almost vainly—with four cases in which the love of drink amounts to a perfect passion. The first was a trumpeter, a young man of five or six-and-twenty, naturally nervous and excitable to an unusual degree, but apparently pretty steady till a year or two ago, when in his despair at the death of the young woman to whom he was engaged, he took to drinking; he really seems at times reduced to a condition of perfect childishness—unable to keep away from the Home, and occasionally remaining steady for a week or two, and then falling again into a fit of headlong drinking. A second has seen nearly twenty years’ service, drinking heavily the greater part of the time. With him it is not ‘the company,’ but sheer craving for ‘the drink’ itself. He told me that he would go away by himself with a bottle of whiskey, and pour down glass after glass as hard as he could drink it, and keep this on at intervals for days. At one time it seemed as though there were

really hope for him, and that he had got a glimpse of the idea that Christ could save him even from this ; but, alas ! he was drawn down again, and I fear continues in much the same state. Another was also an old soldier. In India many years ago he made a profession, but never gave up the moderate use of intoxicants, and in a period of spiritual darkness was led into the habit of drinking to excess, till every fibre of manliness and courage seems sodden out of him. The fourth was quite a young soldier, the son of most loving and devoted Christian parents, moving in a superior social position. Drink brought him into the ranks, and drink pursues him there with a relentless vigour. For a few weeks he appeared to have gained the victory, truly, we believe, through the power of Christ. Then he was just induced to touch that fatal 'one glass,' and from that moment it has only been downward and downward. So far as I am able to judge, I am convinced that, humanly speaking, each of these four men might now have been a saved soul, had it not been for the deadly power of the drink. It often seemed as though we could not keep them sober long enough for them to 'come to themselves' and 'come to their Father.' I never wonder when I hear the men speak of it as 'the cursed drink !' I have never seen cases in which there seemed a greater shrinking from its bondage, and craving, almost agonizing, for deliverance, than in these four ; and yet they are still held in its pitiless grasp."

I have paused here to read over a correspond-

once which was carried on for three years with one who went through a most awful struggle with this same demon, drink. Brought up by an earnest godly father, himself a man of most superior mind and education, the early subject of the strivings of the Holy Spirit, and apparently led to rest in Christ, the drink exercised a fatal hold over him. The record of his repeated falls and agonizing straining after deliverance we can never forget; the piteousness of his sorrow, the deep shame of his contrition, intermingled with fitful gleams of again seeing the Saviour's face and being restored to Him, make up a spiritual history too painful to contemplate. After a while he drew himself entirely from the influence of the Home, and for the last six years I have not heard from him, and know not if he is alive or dead. We still ask God, if he yet lives, to seek and to save him, and that He would in His great goodness break the iron chain which binds him so relentlessly.

I think enough has been said to give a most emphatic answer to the question, "Is there not a cause?"

The means by which we seek to promote total abstinence at the Hall (and when I speak of the work at the Hall I include the Branch Homes, as they are all worked on precisely the same

plan) are, first, by means of the refreshment bar, where the soldiers and working men can get tea, coffee, cocoa, and other non-intoxicating drinks, with all kinds of refreshments, at a moderate cost. Secondly, by the more direct efforts of the Total Abstinence Society, which was established soon after the opening of the Hall in 1863. In the report for 1864, my mother said—

“The Temperance Association connected with the Institution has 500 members. Both its President and Vice-President are Christian officers in the camp. And it is a cheering fact that many of the men, after joining the Association, pass on at once to our Bible Classes.”

The working of the Society has been much on the same basis ever since, only from the constant moves in camp it is liable to continual changes of the committee. During the last year we have had four different Presidents in the Aldershot Home. Of course this has been rather exceptional, but it will serve to illustrate the ever-varying nature of the working staff, and give some idea of the difficulties with which we have to contend. The committee, as far as possible, consists of a man from each regiment in camp, and one civilian member. Each has his own book, in which are entered the names of all from his regiment who sign the pledge, over whom he is

expected to watch, by bringing them to the meetings, or trying to recall them to their allegiance to the Society when they have unhappily been induced to break the pledge. At our weekly committee-meeting, we generally have a sort of roll-call, with, I am afraid, very often a sadly long list of "wounded" and "missing." We have a general meeting every Thursday, into which we introduce as much variety as possible. The first Thursday in each month there is a tea party,—admission by 6d. tickets. During the last five months the numbers at these tea parties have varied in the different Homes from 150 to 430. The tea is followed by a lecture on the subject of Total Abstinence. Then we have lectures with dissolving views, and lectures with chemical experiments. On another Thursday we dispense with a lecturer altogether, and the men themselves speak or recite or read or give us part songs, all bearing on the same subject. We find variety in the *ménu* gives the greatest chance of its being popular.

The men can sign whenever they like. Most days we have one or more signatures, but Thursday evenings are our great recruiting times. We have lately introduced a new element into the Society, in the shape of a beautiful little medal, which has given immense satisfaction to those

who have become possessed of it. It will also be a fresh impetus to the cause, by inducing many others, not only to join our ranks, but also to keep their promise, as the medal is only won after a year's victorious campaign.

Since the beginning of the year we have, in the mother Home alone, taken nearly 500 signatures. A great number of these break,—a much larger proportion, I fear, than was formerly the case,—but there is always a residuum left who continue faithful. Even of those who do break many soon sign again; if they do not at once renew their pledge, or perhaps never do so, they are mostly, I think, benefited to a certain degree by having signed. It makes a point to which they can look back; and who can tell but that in years to come, perhaps when far away from any of the Homes, they may be led to begin again?

I cannot forbear giving another short extract from one of the reports which bears upon this subject.

“ In glancing through the pages of the pledge-book, we could not but feel that there was almost a sacredness about some of those blotted signatures, in some cases the sign of the first effort to turn heavenward; in others, almost the earliest act of a soul born of God, and from that moment determined ‘to depart from iniquity.’ It was intensely interesting to read the date affixed to a name,

and then hear the remark, 'Ah! it was two days after that he came to the Lord;' and then of another, 'Just a week afterwards he found peace;' again, on the other hand, 'That was the next day, or three days *after* he found Christ.' There is a strange connection between the two, and we bless God for the simple instrumentality which has been so often signed with the seal of His approval. Of course, of those who have taken the pledge a part have fallen, some of whom have never yet returned to the ranks of total abstinence; others again have in this way first learned the secret of their own weakness and sinfulness, and have come back to 'try again,' and in many cases to find Him 'without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy.' "

That the men themselves feel their drinking habits to be the greatest enemy in their way is abundantly proved by the fact of the numbers who, the moment they wish to be better, sign the pledge as the first step in their desired reformation.

And now as to the result of all this Temperance Work? I think I may unhesitatingly say, and I feel sure all my fellow-workers in this Mission would confirm the statement, that out of the hundreds of men who we trust have been converted to God, almost all have first come to the Homes to sign the pledge.

IT IS FOR THIS REASON THAT WE VALUE THE
TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

How thankfully, in looking over the terrible drink record in the earlier part of this chapter, have I remembered that of most of those I may now say, "And such were some of you ; but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God."

Meetings and Services.

“Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another.”

CHAPTER XIII.

THE Homes are essentially so bound up with “meetings” that one short chapter must be devoted to that topic. I hardly know where to commence, they are so many and various.

Perhaps Monday morning will start us best on the round, as that begins with one for “prayer,” and much of the blessing that falls on us through the week doubtless has its rise in the little room where the workers meet together to “put Him in remembrance.”

It was after one of these little Monday morning gatherings that the missionary, as my readers will remember, volunteered for Zululand; and there, Monday by Monday, he is continually thought of.

The half-hour over, the workers scatter to their different occupations, many of them to reassemble at two o'clock, or a little after, the same day, when the “mothers’ meeting” stops the way,—“stops the way” it often does literally, as the women crowd into the sitting-room, which for the time being is

turned into "the shop," lending library, and "receipt of custom." Here they get their orders for calico, flannel, bedding, boots, coals, etc., etc., change their books, and pay in their pence, or shillings, as the case may be. The mothers' meeting goes on till four o'clock, and is supplemented on the first Monday in each month by the mothers' prayer-meeting. The mothers gone, there is a little breathing-space till six o'clock, and we have no more "meetings" that day till half-past seven, when the ringing of the bell warns us that the nightly address is going to begin. Two points are specially noticeable at these gatherings, even to a casual observer,—the continual sight of the same faces night after night, and the very marked attention of the audience. I think almost everyone who has ever addressed them—and certainly many scores have done so—has been struck by this latter point.

We are sometimes questioned as to the necessity or even advisability of this daily gathering; but the longer we go on in the work and the more experience we can gather from each of our Branch Homes, the more we feel convinced of the wisdom God gave to the founder of this Mission in leading her to provide this nightly means of grace for the men. It must never be forgotten that the surroundings of the soldier are not such as to foster his spiritual life. On the contrary, the whole current

of the stream sets earthwards. He has neither time nor place in barracks for quiet Bible-reading and prayer; so that the one short hour set apart for this in the "Home,"—the evening family prayers, as it were,—are peculiarly precious seasons to his soul. "I should not like it if there was any less of the Bible," said a cavalry man one night; "we seem to want all we can get of it." Then too it is desirable that there should always be some directly spiritual teaching to which any stranger may at once be invited, as a night never passes without one or more fresh ones dropping in. There is no compulsion in the attendance at the class, which is held in a room set aside for the purpose, so that their games and reading are not interfered with. A bell rings at half-past seven; one of the missionaries announces that it is time for the meeting, and then whoever chooses adjourns to the class-room.

On Monday night, after the Bible-class, there is yet a fourth meeting,—a regimental prayer-meeting, at the mother Home it is for the cavalry, where the Christians of the cavalry brigade meet to ask God's blessing on themselves and their unconverted comrades.

These little "regimental prayer-meetings" were established in January 1867. I quote from my mother's report for that year. Referring to them, it says :—

“ They have proved a means of incalculable blessing to the Christian men, many of whom look forward to what they call ‘our evening’ with especial pleasure. The numbers present on each occasion necessarily vary with circumstances. Sometimes no more than two of a regiment are able to be at the Hall on their appointed evening; at other times so many as ten or twelve assemble. We have heard of one cavalry soldier who found peace during one of these meetings; but it is an exceptional case when any who are themselves unconverted thus join in bringing their comrades before God, which is the special object of these gatherings. The brotherly love which we are so deeply anxious should prevail in the Hall appears to be fostered by these regimental meetings. The men seem to be drawn one to another, as they sit together in a place which to many of them is filled with sacred associations, and talk over the disappointments or encouragements of another week; and then kneel and ‘tell Jesus both what they have done and what they have taught,’ for almost every one of them is earnest about the soul of another. Three or four pray, as the time allows; it is most touching to hear their intercessions for others,—sometimes even by name,—for ‘our officers,’ and ‘our ladies,’ the wives and the children, for any who have wronged them, or manifested opposition, for the seeking ones, or for any of the little praying band who may be on furlough, or absent from any other cause. ‘O Lord, remember V——,’ was the prayer one evening for one who was on duty, ‘and while he is guarding others, do Thou guard him.’ Often too there

are the lowliest confessions of sin and unfaithfulness, and the most ardent pleadings after conformity to the will of God, and more love to Jesus and knowledge of Him. We trace much blessing to the definiteness in prayer, which might be unsuited to the more public meetings. At the first of these little gatherings ever held, only two were present. The next week another, for whom they had prayed as a backslider, was with them, giving thanks for his restoration to the fold of God; and each succeeding week the Lord added to their number, until there was quite a little company in that regiment, of whom there was reason to hope that they had taken service under the banner of Christ."

Tuesday, there are no gatherings all day, but the Bible-class again meets at 7:30, and a regimental prayer-meeting is held afterwards for some of the infantry regiments.

Sometimes, lately, the Tuesday evenings have been varied by what the men call a "Social Tea,"—just a gathering of a few of the Christian members where they can enjoy happy intercourse together round the tea-table. They take it by turns to invite half-a-dozen comrades who have not yet decided for Christ, in the hope that this may be the means of drawing them more to the Home, where they may hear further of Him. But I think, on the whole, these little parties are mostly a time of pleasure and refreshment to the Christian men.

Tea over, singing is the order of the day, one hymn after another being quickly asked for. Sometimes a very short address of about ten minutes is given, and we always close with prayer. I should add that the men pay ninepence each for this tea party, as everything has to be of most superior quality—tea and butter and marmalade and jam and cake, all of the best!

Wednesday, we have the Band of Hope from 5·30 till 7 p.m., an hour-and-a-half, which, as with all other work for children, taxes our energies to the utmost. Oh the Babel of little voices while they are gathering, and the din that the riotous footsteps make at the end as they patter down the stairs and emerge once more into freedom and liberty of limb and lung outside!

Half-an-hour's interval, and then the class-room is once more in requisition for the nightly gathering.

On Thursday at 7·30 we have our temperance meeting, followed by signing the pledge, taking members' cards, paying subscriptions, etc. There is a great deal of business doing that night, and the men linger about in groups, chatting together, often persuading some lingerer to come to the point, and go up to the front and enter his name. It is a night when they have more time to spare than usual, as many of them are "on pass" for the believers' meeting.

This little meeting was begun by my mother to draw the young converts together, and also to try and give them teaching suited to those who have enlisted under Christ's banner, the nightly Bible-classes partaking more of the character of addresses for preaching the Gospel. Very happy times have been passed together on these Thursday evenings, and many a young soldier of the Cross has "come weary, and refreshed himself there."

Friday there is again the nightly meeting, followed by the Committee-meeting of the Total Abstinence Society. One Friday in the month, that before the tea-party, the Committee meets for business ; the other gatherings are mostly for prayer.

Saturday afternoon at 4.30 there is a drawing-room meeting. This has been held from the very first for the officers and their families. During my mother's life she usually gave the address herself, as she did also at the nightly meetings for the men. Since her death the different friends who kindly come for the Sunday services speak at this meeting, which has been a great means of refreshment and strengthening to many.

The usual evening meeting at 7.30 on Saturday is one for prayer to seek a blessing on the services of the next day.

The regimental prayer-meeting this evening is for the Engineers and Artillery and Army Service Corps.

On Sundays our meetings consist of a short one from three to four in the afternoon, after which some of the men sing hymns for an hour. Then before the evening service a few of them meet together again for prayer, often going forth from this little gathering with tracts and invitations to draw outsiders to the Hall. The evening service is at 7.15, and is over by 8.30, but is followed again by a prayer-meeting.

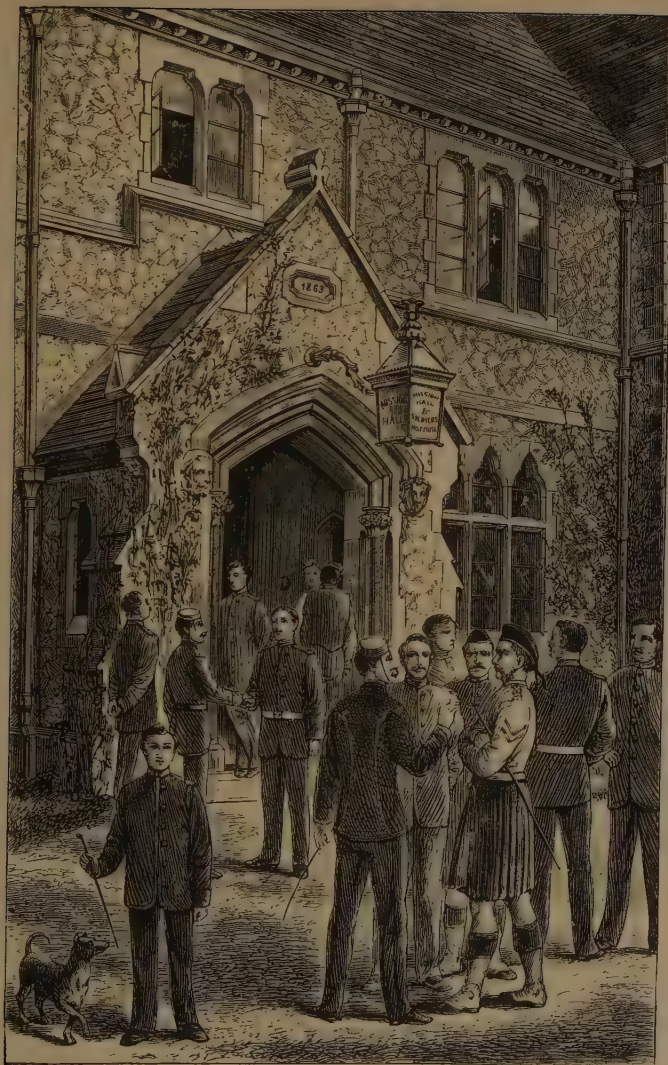
Thus, through all the circle of the days, prayer is continually ascending.

So much for the ordinary daily meetings. Now for a few words about our other gatherings.

First, as to size, comes the Picnic, which in my dear mother's lifetime had become an annual institution. Since her death in 1871 we have been only able to have it twice ; but as it was almost one of her last wishes that it should be continued, I still hope to have it whenever it is at all practicable. It is always one of the brightest days of the year to the men and women,—one to which they look back with very great delight.

A friend who was present thus describes one held during Mrs. Daniell's lifetime :—

“You wanted me to tell you something about the picnic. It was such a bright beautiful day, and one would think none of those who were there will ever forget it. This year again Captain Mangles placed Poyle



ENTRANCE PORCH OF THE SOLDIERS' HOME AND INSTITUTE, ALDERSHOT.

Park at Mrs. Daniell's disposal for the day in the most liberal manner, kindly giving every assistance in his power. Two or three days before, we had driven over to reconnoitre; and though the shady field where they had camped once before was now 'up' for hay, we found another very pleasant spot, under and around a large clump of trees, just below the hill-side, which afterwards made a capital platform for the addresses. There was considerable difficulty about the arrangements for the hot water, the bailiff's house, where it was thought that it could be boiled, being so far away that it seemed hopeless that it should be even warm by the time it reached the ground; eventually everything was smoothed by the kind loan for the day of a camp-boiler belonging to the Control Department, which was driven over early in the morning, with its own staff of men and horses, and worked admirably. All the other arrangements were entrusted to Corporal G——, one of our old members, who came on leave from Woolwich for some days, and was quite invaluable. I could not pretend to say what the quantities of tea, sugar, cake, bread, jam, butter, and ginger-beer were; I only know that when we got to the Park on the day and ventured to look at the supplies carefully stored within the sacred enclosure under the trees, they seemed almost unlimited; but I believe that not much was brought home again.

“Several of the regular attendants at the Hall—the ‘household troops,’ as they like to call themselves—got passes for the day, and almost as soon as we were out of our beds, we became conscious that they were in the

house. In due time they came up to prayers, and immediately afterwards these pioneers effected their start—a very merry one—in a cart so fully laden that several of them were obliged to walk. Then the Hall resigned itself for a few hours to quietness, and the preparation of blue and white satin rosettes, for which the waiters had importuned so late in the day that some were only finished in the carriage, on our way to Poyle Park.

“Long before the hour for starting, groups began to assemble on the green; at first a little shyly, but by the time the conveyances arrived, there was quite a large crowd. As usual, Mr. A—— kindly lent some waggons; and Col. G—— was good enough to send several military train carts, and two beautiful new ambulance waggons, with springs and curtains. Of course there was a great bustle at starting, wonders of packing and arrangement, but at last we were all under weigh, several friends kindly taking up the party from the Hall, or going round by the stations to meet the guests who were coming from town. Everything looked so gay and bright when we reached the Park; flags flying from the trees, and the ground dotted over with the variety of colour which one could not see at any other than a soldiers’ picnic. Whilst waiting for tea, a good deal of singing went on. One very zealous group, provided with hymn-books, formed a nucleus, about which a large number gathered, joining in as their memories or the simplicity of the words served them; and outside again were the fluctuating stragglers who knew nothing about ‘singing the Lord’s song in a strange land,’ and merely strolled up to listen. There

was a great deal of quiet merriment going on when the tea came round, carried in huge cans by the voluntary waiters to those who 'sat in companies upon the green grass;' and one could not but feel that He whose presence made the blessedness of *that* feast was at ours too, for there were so many of His workers there, only watching for something to do for Him. As we went about, and came here or there upon some of these, walking or standing in earnest talk, we could only turn quickly aside with a prayer, knowing that He was being lifted up who should perhaps draw some dying soul to Him. It was very sweet to feel how this hidden ministry adorned and beautified the outward loveliness. For myself, I had some very pleasant little talks,—recognitions of men I had last seen at —, come to find a second home here, and of poor little Mrs. —, who had walked all the way from the North Camp, having mistaken the hour at which the waggons were to leave. But we felt pretty sure that her long journey had not been in vain. Late in the evening, she came to tell me tearfully that she saw things now as she had never seen them before, and I think the light which broke then has been shining ever since. After a while we became conscious of the setting in of the tide towards a natural terrace in the hill-side, where the speakers stood, with about half of us grouped in a loose semicircle in front, and the other half packed among the low gnarled trees which fringed the bank a little above. You can't think what a pretty sight it was, with the falling sun lighting up the bright uniforms and listening faces; and then the sloping Park, and the shadowy trees with

the old white house among them, and the soft dreamy blue distance, cut short at last by the straight outlines of the Camp hills, by which mind, as well as eye, was brought up sharply as we remembered all that lay beyond them, and thought of the sore conflict which any must wage who would there 'live godly in Christ Jesus.' One just felt then how everything melted away beside the mighty events which were transacting in the few hundred feet around, where the souls for whom Christ died might be receiving or rejecting the Word which should judge them in the last day. There were several hymns and prayers and addresses—very simple and suited to the occasion—from Major Webber Smith, Capt. Moreton, and Lord Radstock. Then, directly these were over, the business of packing up and leaving began. The carriage in which we were was one of the last, and for a long time in the narrow roads we had to go at a foot's pace behind the heavier part of the cavalcade (sixteen waggons, I think), catching snatches of hymns as they came back to us from one or other of the carts. Then, as we got space, and drove quickly by, it was pleasant to catch sight of the faces of so many of the poor hard-working mothers, enjoying to the very last their rare holiday."

And then, besides the picnic, we have other social gatherings, amongst which are a free tea-party on "boxing night," and another on Good Friday, to which the members of the Institute, with their wives, and the members of the mothers' meetings, with their husbands, are invited. The tables cleared,

a lecture, with dissolving views, or a Gospel address, always follows. There is also the children's party, with its Christmas-tree or bran-pie, and plenty of games, in which it would be hard to say whether the teachers or the children take most pleasure.

One year it occurred to two of the men that it would be a fitting token of their gratitude to give a tea-party themselves on "boxing day." The idea was most cordially received, and an elaborate system of subscriptions, kept at work for some weeks, resulted in their issuing tickets to two hundred, including a good number of officers and ladies interested in the Mission. The Hall was beautifully decorated with flags and evergreens, and after the tea an exquisitely-bound Bible was presented to me, subscribed for by about forty soldiers. Several hymns, especially adapted for the occasion, had been kindly written by friends at a distance, and were sung during the evening; but the chief point of interest was a beautiful series of dissolving views, illustrative of Bunyan's matchless "Pilgrim's Progress." It seems to have been a time of much enjoyment, only dashed by the sad blank made by Mrs. Daniell's absence.

Another feature of the work is the occasional recurrence of a week or ten days' special services, carried on either by one individual or by various speakers. For some years we commemorated in

this way the laying of the foundation stone and the opening of the Hall. I should here like to say that, in common, I believe, with many other workers, we increasingly apprehend the value of these sustained services.

It may be interesting for me to mention, in closing this chapter, that we think that the ordinary routine of one year's meetings for adults, at the Aldershot Home alone, would comprise above 31,000 different attendances. This makes no account of the extraordinary numbers who come on special occasions, and we have carefully placed our averages at a low figure.

“ Off the Strength.”

CHAPTER XIV.

NO lodgings—no rations—no fire—no light : that is what “off the strength” means to every soldier’s wife. If you are “on the strength,” all these necessaries of existence are provided for you by Government; if not, you must provide them for yourself out of what your husband can give you from his pay, which varies in the case of a private from four and sixpence to ten shillings per week. As rent is exceedingly high in Aldershot and in most garrison towns, it will be evident to the most casual observer that the home of a soldier and his wife, under these circumstances, cannot well be of the most luxurious description. To say that they are miserably poor hardly gives a fair picture of their sufferings. The marvel is how they contrive to live at all—how they keep body and soul together even when there is only the wife to think of; but if, as is often the case, there are one, two, three, and sometimes four little hungry clamouring mouths waiting to be filled, the marvel becomes a greater marvel still.

When Mrs. Daniell first came to Aldershot, the terrible distress amongst the women stirred her feeling heart to its very depths. In her first report, issued the beginning of 1864, she writes :—

“Domiciliary work is diligently carried on by both the missionary and the two Bible-women, and many a sad case of heart-rending destitution has this house-to-house visitation brought to light—a destitution that at times seems appalling from the difficulty of dealing with it. One poor woman was found only the other day with a new-born infant, with nothing to cover it, and herself, poor creature! with only one torn garment just over her shoulders, without nourishment, and owing a large sum for rent.”

But my mother was not content with mere pity. She immediately set to work to see what could be done to relieve their dire necessities. For this purpose she started a mothers’ meeting and sewing classes. To the former a club is attached, to which the women pay in, according to their means, by weekly instalments, for the purchase of any article of ready-made clothing, boots, shoes, hosiery, bedding, or coals,—a bonus of twopence on each shilling being given.

The sewing classes were established first of all for the purpose of teaching the poorer members of the meeting to work, and then of giving them needlework to do at their own homes, thus adding

some little trifle to their weekly pittance. These classes were carried on for some time, but were, a few years before my mother's death, merged into the Aldershot Mission Hall Soldiers' Wife Aid Society. The women who belong to our mothers' meeting are thus still helped by giving them needlework to do at their own homes, the making of each article, for which very good remuneration is given, being paid for as soon as it is finished. In this way they earn generally from a shilling to three or four shillings per week, which is of course an immense boon to them.

Though I have said above that the woman's income from her husband varies from four and sixpence to ten shillings per week, I must rather qualify that statement, as it often so happens that for a time her receipts from that quarter are *nil*. I have only just this morning been sending relief to a woman, in answer to the pleadings of one of the Bible-women.

“She is very far from well, ma'am, and last week when her husband came home not one penny did he bring her. He has been getting less pay lately, having had to give up his office work and go ball-firing, and then he was put under stoppages for boots, or some other things he was obliged to get, so the poor creature this morning had not a morsel of fire, nor a bit of bread in the house.”

Nor is this by any means a solitary instance. The men are naturally every now and again “under

stoppages” for different articles of clothing, when all the pay that they could draw would be a few pence daily. This is all very well for a single man, but it entails dreadful suffering when he is married, and has a wife and family to provide for. Of course the mistake is for him to marry under such circumstances, but much as we may blame such a want of consideration, it does not alter the facts of the case, and we have unfortunately to deal with things as they *are*—not as we should like them to be.

Even when there is not a vacancy for another woman “on the strength,” or a man may not have served long enough to be entitled to that privilege for his wife, any well-conducted soldier can always in his turn get permission to marry; and when “married with leave,” though the advantages of free quarters, including coal and light, cannot be accorded them, yet the man is often allowed to take his “rations” home, which “rations” with a little aid from the wife’s culinary powers is enough for two. There is too always the hope that the wife may be taken “on the strength.” Unfortunately however the men frequently do not care even to obtain this permission; hence the large number of women “off the strength.” Of late years the Government authorities have afforded great help to these women by giving them the regimental shirts to make; many of the officers’ wives in the

different garrisons take a great and self-denying interest in their distribution.

In our work amongst the women another of our difficulties arises from the changing character of a camp life. “Here to-day and gone to-morrow” is the frequent exclamation regarding both them and their husbands. We just seem to get to know them, when a sudden order comes, and they are off, and in most instances we see them no more. Owing to this migratory state of things, we often lose as many as fifty members of our mothers’ meeting in the course of three or four months. This makes the work amongst them an additional responsibility, as we are so continually made to experience that the time for reaching them is indeed short. Our numbers however, in spite of all this, are a cause for thankfulness. Varying as they must ever be, it is nevertheless a flourishing meeting, especially when we remember that of late years several others have been started, both in the town and camp. Taking the five weeks of the present quarter as a sample, I find that the numbers at Aldershot have been as follows :—

April 7th	103
„ 14th (Easter Monday and Bank Holiday)		50
„ 21st	98
April 28th	82
May 5th	87

From the beginning of the Mission the poor women have been cared for, not only through the mothers' meeting and the Work Society, but by the house-to-house visitation of the Bible-women. The number reached in this way is very large, and these visits are as a rule most gratefully received. During one year, in which a record of the numbers were kept, our two Bible-women paid 2,363 visits.

The mothers' meeting is composed, not only of soldiers' wives, but also of many whose husbands have left the service, and have become pensioners. Added to these, there are a good number of civilians who, in the course of years, have joined the meeting. As they belong to a more settled population, these have gradually accumulated, so that they now constitute a large proportion of our members; though the actual number of soldiers' wives who have passed through the meeting has been infinitely larger. In 1875, when we took the trouble to ascertain the point, I find that three hundred different women attended the meeting during the year. From amongst both classes, God has given us very much encouragement. In the earlier days of the Mission my mother was often depressed by the comparatively small results of the work amongst the women, as compared with that for the men. I see in her report for 1866 she speaks of this.

Referring first to the deep distress of many of them, she went on to say :—

“Some of the instances of suffering thus brought to light were truly heart-rending. We may here allude to the fact that the extreme poverty of many who have been induced by the Bible-woman to attend the mothers’ meeting makes that branch of the work far from satisfactory. As a class, the women here are so absorbed in winning the bread that perishes that all earnest care for that which endureth unto everlasting life seems to have vanished away. . . . Week after week the Gospel is set before them, but with results so small to our eyes, compared with those which attend the other branches of the Mission, that we at times are tempted to exclaim, ‘I have laboured in vain, and spent my strength for nought.’ We feel constrained to ask our friends for special prayer in this behalf, believing that all our desires for these our poor toiling sisters would be fulfilled in the pouring out upon them of that Spirit Who is promised to them that ask.”

Since that time I am thankful to say God has revived His work amongst them, and many have, we trust, each year “sat at the feet of Jesus and heard His Word.”

The other day, when at Colchester for a few days to see after the progress of the new Home, I unexpectedly came upon one of them. Soon after I arrived they told me of a poor woman who had

come down from London to see her son, who was supposed to be dying in the Hospital. After a little talk with her, hearing all about her trouble and her deep anxiety on account of this boy, I said something to her about her own state, and received the brightest answer.

“Oh yes, indeed, I know the Lord, and it was at Aldershot I found Him. One day I went into the Hall, and I was in great trouble. I had once cared for these things, but had grown cold and neglectful. Miss H—— saw I was in trouble, and she spoke to me and showed me what the Saviour had done for me, and ever since it has been quite different with me; now all I long for is that my poor boy should find Him too. I would not mind losing him, if I could only be sure he had received Jesus.”

Her son recovered sufficiently for her to take him home, but we trust that before this her heart's desire had been given her in seeing him brought back to God.

At our monthly prayer-meeting, which is held after the mothers' meeting the first Monday in every month, it is a great joy to look round and recall that of one and another and yet another it can be said, “She was born here.” One of those who led us in prayer at our last little gathering was after months, I think I may say years, of earnest prayerful seeking, enabled to see the finished work

of Christ in her behalf. We remember the great joy it was to hear her for the first time praying aloud with us, and thanking God for all the spiritual blessings she had found in the Home. She has been a member for years, and has hardly ever missed a meeting since she first began attending. At that same prayer-meeting there were two sweet-looking young women sitting together, who were both led to Christ last year. One of them came up to me a few weeks ago, after our mothers' meeting was over, and said, in a very broken voice,—

“I did so want to speak to you to-day. It is just a year to-day since you led me to Christ. I thought I must speak to you, and thank you for all you did for me.”

We praised God together for His goodness to her, and that He had also since then brought her husband to Himself. Now, poor thing, she is in much trouble, her husband being one of the many who have gone out to Natal, leaving their wives behind.

Our Work Society is a particular boon just now, as it enables us to help many of them who are really in sore straits, and will be till their husbands can send them remittances. Being reminded of the work again I would here mention what a great help it would be if friends would kindly send me orders for the articles made by the women. Or if any

lady would have a sale of it in her drawing-room we should indeed be thankful. There are many good needlewomen amongst our mothers, so that we are quite able to undertake any orders that friends would intrust to us, either underclothing for themselves and children, or as gifts to the poor. Our principal way of disposing of it is by the half-yearly sale in the Hall, and through the kindness of various friends who have sales for us at their own houses. In the latter way we sold £170 worth last year. The clothes are of good material, and much cheaper than they could be purchased at any ready-made shop.

As this little volume is intended for general circulation, it seems unadvisable to refer to one branch of work for women, which however was not lost sight of by my mother in the conduct of the Mission.

The Children.

“Sow in the morn thy seed.”

CHAPTER XV.

MRS. DANIELL'S first effort for the good of the children was by the formation of a Band of Hope, which was begun in 1866, but, from some cause or another, was given up for a while. The Christian members of the Home have from time to time taken an active part in it. In 1868 it was reorganised by a non-commissioned officer in the Artillery, who acted as superintendent. The following letter from him to my mother will be read with interest :—

“DEAR MADAM,—

“I beg to forward you this report of my humble labours among the children of the Mission Hall Band of Hope. I hope you will excuse me if I first state my reasons. I had been labouring amongst a few children in the battery to which I belonged at Weedon and Northampton, previous to my arrival at this station. After I arrived I ceased doing anything for my Master, and He brought me down very low by taking away from me to His glorious mansion above my youngest child, in

such a manner that I saw and felt that the Lord was correcting me. I resolved from that time, God helping me, to lead a different life. A kind Providence led me to your much-loved Soldiers' Home, and on my second or third visit the preacher singled me out, on Sunday afternoon, 8th July, 1868. At that blessed meeting I was shown myself, and my glorious Master was pleased to give me that peace which passeth all understanding, and I was led to see that, poor and humble as I was, my Saviour had much work for me to do. I felt that intemperance in this camp was the greatest curse, and was the means of keeping many from the Lord. I embraced the temperance cause, seeking strength and consolation from that ever-flowing Fountain, the Lord Jesus. In September I was appointed Assistant Secretary to the Society, but still I felt I must do something for the children, and with your very kind permission I commenced the Band of Hope on the 22nd October last. Miss D—— very kindly assisted me, and presented hymn-books and cards to commence with. The result was that on the 22nd October, 1868, eight were present; on the 4th May, 1869, seventy-eight were present. In the interval one hundred and forty-seven signed. Previous to the 25th March, the numbers were not kept so well as they have been since. Of the above number who have joined, five have joined a second time, having broken their pledge about Christmas, two have died, and five are known to have left the town with their parents. I think I may safely say that the Band of Hope has been quite a success; although many have joined who do not regu-

larly attend, I am in hopes they will come forward bright little jewels. . . .

“I beg, dear Madam, to remain,

“Your truly obedient servant,

“——.”

The Band of Hope now meets on Wednesdays at 5.30. The first half-hour is occupied with taking the pence of those children who pay into the penny bank. They are all divided into classes, each class being taught by one of the soldiers, who take a great interest in the children, and are much appreciated by them. On inquiring into the cause of the absence of one of the children lately, the answer the mother gave was, “Oh, he hadn’t the heart to come again, now his teacher is gone to Natal.”

Many of them are very fond of the meeting, and are much distressed if anything keeps them from coming regularly. The special feature is the text, which is learned by all, after which the superintendent calls upon one child from each class to repeat it. A short address is then given; sometimes a story is told; and occasionally the meeting is varied by the children themselves reciting some little piece. I was asking an artilleryman the other day if his children liked coming.

“Oh, indeed they do, ma’am; they are always talking about it from the time they come back from it one Wednesday till they go the next.”

I cannot give a better account of how we started our day-school than by culling a few extracts from a paper written for a magazine the year we opened it (1868).

“ ‘THE WELLINGTON ARMS.’ ”

“ ‘It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish.’ ”

“ At the extreme south of the Government ground at Aldershot, the sandy plain drops abruptly down towards the country. Between the fields and the massive wall which forms the boundary of the South Cavalry Barracks there lie on the side of the hill a number of houses, planted about in irregular rows. This is ‘West End,’ one of the lowest parts of the town, where live many of the wives of the soldiers married without leave, whose existence—poor things!—is for the most part one of extreme misery. It may be imagined that the children of such parents are dragged up in the most distressing way. It is well for them if, like Topsy, they are merely left to ‘grow ;’ but too often they seem to be trained in sin. Only a day or two since a little child, scarcely so high as the table, was pointed out as having sworn most terribly.

“ It must not be supposed that during the six years of the existence of this Mission no thought was given to these neglected little ones ; but, as is our wont before entering on a new field of work, we waited to see if other workers would take it up. So long as five years ago we had decided on opening a room in West End, which is too

far from the Parish and National Schools to allow of the distance being traversed by infants two or three times a day in all sorts of weather. However, it was represented to us that this might be felt as an interference by the Wesleyan body, whose chapel happens to be the nearest place of worship, and the scheme was therefore abandoned; for keenly anxious as we are to press within every open door, we have ever determined, with the great Apostle, that our building should 'not be on another man's foundation, but that, as it is written, to whom He was not spoken of, they shall see; and they who have not heard shall understand.'

"When, after five years' waiting, we found that nothing had been done, we felt that our path lay clear before us. A month or two since, the dim visions of a possible school were finally crystallised into form by a passing remark made one evening by the Vicar of Aldershot as to the need of such a thing in West End. The very next morning one of the Bible-women mentioned that a public-house, with a dancing-saloon attached, in the very midst of the population, was vacant, and might probably be rented. A kind friend undertook negotiations with the landlord, and in the course of two days we were in possession of the keys of the 'Wellington Arms,' on a lease of three months. A considerable sum was needed to put the premises into even temporary repair, but the situation was so admirable that we felt it was worth the outlay. The house stands at a corner where four roads meet, two other of the angles being occupied by public-houses—'The Lamb' and 'The Imperial.' The dancing-

saloon behind the bar makes a capital schoolroom, now that paint, whitewash, and soap and water have effaced the indescribable filthiness which seemed like an outward expression of the moral corruption of the place. Sundry announcements relative to 'stout, ale, porter, and shaving' were obliterated from the doorposts, and on 5th October, just ten days after it was first proposed, the school was opened with eight little pupils as shy and untamed as deer.

"Their ignorance was almost incredible. Only one knew the alphabet, and several seemed never even to have heard the name of Jesus. They were so unaccustomed to a moment's thought that they wearied of even the most interesting story, and we found it necessary to change the occupation about every five minutes. Some of the little boys seemed at first to be given over to a hopeless stolidity; they stood indeed with the others, but in a state of inanition that was most perplexing. One little boy, whose grey eyes and tiniest of mouths won our hearts by their wistful expression, set all discipline at defiance by running incessantly round the room. The poor child was at one time subject to fits, and we soon felt that he was scarcely accountable, especially as his natural infirmities must have been greatly augmented by the influences of a home where both father and mother are drunkards.

" 'I don't want to go home at four o'clock,' he said one day; 'mammy will be drunk.'

"Kind and gentle care has done much with him as well as with the others, and the school now consists of thirty-five children, who are making so much progress

that we feel that the experiment has now passed over the boundary mark into the region of successes. We have therefore opened negotiations for taking the house for a term of years.

“We began with as little machinery as possible—a black board, some alphabets, two dozen slates, and some scraps for work. Since then we have added some beautiful Scripture prints—a grant from the Religious Tract Society—and a gallery to hold fifty children. We have also ordered some desks, in the hope of beginning a night-school for boys between the age of twelve and sixteen. This will serve another purpose beyond the one immediately on the surface—that of supplying work for our Christian soldiers, two or three of whom have volunteered their services as a free-will offering to the Lord. As time goes on we hope that the ‘Wellington School’ may become a centre of blessing in West End.”

This hope, I trust, has been in measure fulfilled. There certainly is a very marked difference in the West End of to-day and the West End described above.

My mother's wishes for something to be done in the way of a night-school were very shortly carried into effect, and though it has long been discontinued, owing to the great difficulty of finding the needed leisure for arranging for the supply of teachers who were so perpetually on the wing, I think that during its existence it did a good work. In her Report for

1868 my dear mother tells a little of our experience. She says :—

“As soon as a moderate degree of success in the day-school assured us that education met with any measure of appreciation in West End, our thoughts reverted to the many pleadings of a general officer for the rough boys, who, with a terrible reversal of the Apostolic injunction, might truly be said to be ‘in understanding children, but in malice men’—‘a hundred years old in everything that’s bad,’ as one of the teachers said only last night.

“Our thoughts were happily met by a request from the boys themselves, conveyed through one of the Bible-women. Besides two officers now removed, our staff of teachers numbers nine, so as to allow of three being present every evening. It may appear somewhat paradoxical, when it is remembered that soldiers are the teachers, but it is nevertheless true, that not the least of our difficulties has been that of instilling into their minds the importance of some degree of discipline. Of course we are all of one opinion as to the vanity of attempting to rule such undisciplined spirits by any law but that of love, but at first it seemed very hard for some of the teachers to see that a broken rule is far more galling than the same rule when firmly though kindly enforced. A penny a week is the ‘fee,’ but, naturally enough, the boys prefer spending it at the sweet-shop; and constantly, at first, would arrive without the penny which had just been given by their parents; whilst others, profiting by the suggestion, would be seen quietly to pocket theirs for

future expenditure, solemnly asseverating that they had not got one. But now that we have at last induced the teachers to stand firmly, on the principle that 'no penny' involves 'no admittance,' these little occurrences do not often take place.

"Of course we have the usual stories to tell of lights put out, inkstands overthrown, and other tricks which try the nerve and temper of the amateur schoolmasters, not to mention the more serious delinquency of extreme irreverence during the short prayer which closes the evening.

"'It would be none too many to have a teacher to each boy to hold him,' was the good-humouredly irritated remark which followed the recital of the gymnastic feats performed during prayers by one of the hopeful flock.

"Still, in spite of these drawbacks, a considerable advance in reading, writing, and arithmetic appears to be made, and the teachers are animated by a love for the souls of their pupils, and a sense that their work is for eternity.

"'It will be worth it all,' they say, 'if only one boy is brought to Jesus.'

"We feel assured that even already the labour has not been in vain, though many of the boys have been steeped in sin. During a spelling-lesson one of the teachers asked a boy of eleven or twelve if he knew the meaning of the word 'gaol,' and was horrified by the cool rejoinder,—

"'Oh, yes; I've been in three times.'

"Most of these boys, and a good number of our little day scholars, have become members of the Band of Hope."

The day-school still holds on its way, faithfully taught by one of those dear women who owe their salvation to the Hall. Our average number on the books is from fifty to sixty, although large schools have recently been built by the Board at a much shorter distance than the old parish schools.

Those in Heaven.

“ They are gathering homeward from every land
 One by one,
As their weary feet touch the shining strand
 One by one ;
Their brows are inclosed in a golden crown,
Their travel-stained garments are all laid down,
And clothed in white raiment they rest on the mead
Where the Lamb loveth His chosen to lead,
 One by one.”

CHAPTER XVI.

THIS little volume would hardly be complete without some slight record of the "happy dying" as well as "happy living" of some of those who "have been converted to God through the instrumentality of the Homes. Many are still witnessing to their Lord down here, but many have heard His voice, "Come up higher," and have entered in "through the gates into the city."

How we thank God upon every remembrance of them, as we think of the glorious "with Christ" which is now their happy portion. How truly we can say with all our hearts, "We bless Thy holy name for all Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear."

"Midst cherubim and seraphim
They mind their Lord's affairs ;
Oh, if we bring our work to Him,
Our work is one with theirs."

Perhaps before passing on to those who were blessed it would be well to say something of the

last days of her through whom, in God's hands, the blessing came.

It was in September 1871 that, after months of weariness and suffering, it pleased God to take my mother to Himself. For nearly three years before her life had been most precarious, but till the previous May she had been able to be a good deal at Aldershot superintending the work, and almost to the very last she took the liveliest interest in everything connected with it. The daily reports were a continual enjoyment to her till within a short time of the end. About ten days before her death a great sense of unworthiness seemed resting upon her. I often heard her saying to herself, "So unworthy," "If I am worthy," "So sinful." A friend sent her some flowers with Heb. xii. 6, and Dan. xii. 3.

"Ah, what has it all been?" she said. "I have only reached the scaffolding; they" (referring to those converted at the Hall)—"they will all be far above me; . . . I shall just get within the gates."

She often quoted these two lines :

"He'll not live in glory,
And leave me behind."

Asking the nurse if her little girl liked being with us at Malvern instead of in London, she looked upwards and said, "I should like to be up there."

Reading from the texts for the day on the roll,

“But committed himself to Him that judgeth righteously,” she said,—

“‘Committed himself’: that is just what I have to do, isn’t it?”

Another time she said to me,—

“I hope you feel Jesus near; you must want Him under this very heavy trial. It is worse for you.”

And then again,—

“Do you know what I have been trying to spell out?

“‘Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,’”

referring to the 51st hymn in our Soldiers’ Hymn-book. I read it to her, and she followed with great enjoyment, and then said,—

“Don’t read to me any more. I am taking up those texts one by one. It is as much as I can do. They have been such a comfort to me. I can’t tell you what a comfort that roll has been to me.”

Gazing on it very steadfastly, she turned her face away with such a smile of contentment, as if she had just got something to rest upon.

After a time of great suffering, she said,—

“Oh, how much of sin and of the old man there must be still left in me to need all this discipline.”

And again on another day,—

“What a long time of preparation it seems to take!”

To some dear friends who came to see her she

spoke with the greatest interest of their work, giving them each a text and speaking to them of her wishes for her own beloved Mission. She said that her request from her dying bed was that the friends who had been interested in the work at Aldershot would continue their help and would never forsake it.

Another day she asked me,—

“Can you say, ‘I give thee joy’?”

I hesitated for a moment, and she looked at me inquiringly, and then repeated,—

“‘I give thee joy,’” as if she wanted me to say it after her.

On my answering,—

“Yes, I can and do, with all my heart,” she said with great satisfaction,—

“Ah, that is right, that is what I wanted.”

Then after a little she repeated,—

“‘Ye are they which have *continued* with me in my temptations’—continued.”

She then said,—

“He who has helped me hitherto——”

I finished it,—

“Will help me all my journey through.” And she nodded.

“Jesus—He knows it all, though no one else does” (alluding to her sufferings). “Oh, dear Lord! how long? ‘I sleep, but my heart waketh.’”

On my saying the text to her, "Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given me be with me where I am," she repeated with great emphasis, "*Where I am.*"

I subjoin a letter which I wrote at the time to the members of the Home, copies of which were distributed amongst them, and were much valued.

"TO THE MEMBERS OF THE ALDERSHOT MISSION HALL AND
SOLDIERS' HOME AND INSTITUTE.

"'Be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.'—HEBREWS vi. 12.

"DEAR FRIENDS,—It is hardly a month ago that the one whom you have all loved so much and prayed for so constantly sent you a few words of earnest entreaty to be up and doing in the work that the Lord had so evidently brought to your very door.

"Now she has heard the Master's voice, 'Come up higher,' and has gone to be for ever with Him. The Lord took your dear friend, Mrs. Daniell, to be with Himself 'in glory everlasting' on Saturday evening, the 16th inst. The last words to which she responded, before unconsciousness came on, were the name of Jesus, and that verse, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' She repeated 'nor forsake thee' after me, and then said, 'I know ——,' but was too weak to finish the sentence. I said, 'You know He never will, don't you?' She

bowed her head in token of assent; and then the last words shortly after were, 'Let me go.'

"You all know the message she sent you on the 6th August, but I will write it here that you may never forget it: 'Tell the dear men I shall never see them again in the earthly home that I have provided for them; but I look to see them all in their beautiful home above—the Father's house.' Dear friends, do not let her miss *one* of you. Oh that you may be her 'glory and joy' 'in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at His coming!'

"By God's great mercy, and in answer, I am sure, to the many prayers which were continually ascending for her, she was spared very acute suffering, though there was necessarily much pain and weariness accompanying such a long and trying illness.

"On the morning of the 7th she said, 'Tell all the dear ones who love me that my Father is taking me home by a very rough way; but I stay myself constantly on the verse, "He led them forth by the right way."' Later she said, 'I have the royal word of a King to go upon, haven't I? He won't leave me, will He?' This she repeated the next day, when asked if she felt Jesus near her; she answered, with quite a brightness in her face, 'Oh, yes! He is very near, though I cannot see Him with the eye of sense, yet I know He is here, and I have not a fear or a doubt. I have the royal word of a King to go upon.' Later in the day, after being more ill, she said, 'I think this must be the going home, but it is a very rough way—only it is the Lord's way.' A day or two afterwards, when very much exhausted, she said, 'Oh,

this is very wearying ! I should like to shout and sing psalms of rejoicing, and praise Him for all His mercies ; but He knows I would if I had the strength.'

" One of her favourite verses, the first line of which she constantly repeated, was—

" ' Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessed face to see ;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What must Thy glory be !'

That prayer has been answered, and an ' entrance ' has been ' ministered unto her abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.'

" On the Monday preceding her death she said, ' I'm going fast. It is sweet to lie in Jesus' arms.' I said, ' Isn't it sweet to be going home ? ' She answered, ' Yes, *lovely*.' Another time she repeated, ' On this face is mortal pain, but glory in my soul ;' and on one of the last days she said, looking up, ' I shall see His face ; I shall see *Him*.'

" ' Do we mourn when another star
Shines out from the glittering sky ?
Do we weep when the raging voice of war
And the storms of conflict die ?
Then why should our tears run down,
And our hearts be sorely riven,
For another gem in the Saviour's crown,
And another soul in heaven ?'

Shall we not rather give thanks to our God and Father

who hath made her 'meet to be partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light.

"To the last the Mission Hall was very dear to her heart, and the daily accounts of God's work amongst you were the great enjoyment of her sick couch. Ah! dear friends, how she grieved over any coldness of heart, or wandering from God and His service, in any one of you! and how earnestly she longed that you might grow up to be 'young men,' yea, even 'fathers' in Christ!

"Oh, may I entreat you, as from her dying bed, now, each one of you, to dedicate yourselves afresh to His blessed service. If her voice could reach us now, I am sure we should hear words of earnest entreaty to be more than ever devoted to Him—to work with all the energy of our whole heart for the spread of His kingdom. She has left me, as her most precious legacy, the carrying on of her work at Aldershot,—a sacred charge which I most gladly undertake, in the midst of my deep sorrow, 'for her sake and the Master's,' as she said. You know what she has so often tried to impress upon you,—that our work at the Hall could not go on with any degree of success without your aid in Camp. Then, in loving remembrance of her who is gone, I would ask you to continue yet more abundantly all your efforts and prayers, that the Hall may be increasingly the birthplace of souls who shall add hereafter to her joy and happiness, and to the glory of that God in whose service she so delighted.

"I would say one parting word to those of you who are leaving Aldershot at this time. At the various stations to which you are going, you may possibly not have the same

privileges that God has given you at Aldershot in the way of outward help ; but, wherever you may be, the throne of grace and the precious Word of God will always be accessible to you. Do, I entreat you, live much in a spirit of prayer, and make your Bible your constant companion ; let it be so stored in your memory, that with the Psalmist you may be able to say, ‘ Thy Word have I hid in my heart.’ I cannot tell you the comfort your dear friend just gone home found from the fact that she had made so many of its precious truths her own ; she could lie and meditate on them when she could no longer hold her Bible or read it. Only a few days before her death she said, ‘ Tell them I have found in this illness the truth of what I have often told them,—we must have the Word in our hearts, not only in our hands.’

“ I remain, your true friend,

“ G. F. S. DANIELL.

“ EASTWICK HOUSE, GREAT MALVERN,

“ 20th September, 1871.

“ ‘ Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth ; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.’—REV. xiv. 13.

“ ‘ The exile is at home !

O days and nights of tears,

O longings not to roam,

O sins, and doubts, and fears !

What matter now, when (so men say)

The King has wiped those tears away ?

“ ‘ O happy, happy bride !

Thy widowed hours are past !

The Bridegroom at thy side,
Thou all His own at last.
The sorrows of thy former cup
In full fruition swallowed up.'"

I give the following details of her funeral, from a short paper published at the time.

" 'O Death! where is thy sting?' This was deeply felt when, on Tuesday, September 26th, the remains of her who had 'laboured much in the Lord' were laid in their resting-place, 'waiting for the redemption of the body.'

" It was a very quiet peaceful funeral, with a character altogether of its own,—little of the display of this world's signs of grief, but much of the honour which loving and grateful hearts could give; and that was all for which the departed would have cared.

" In response to the wish expressed by several officers, permission was sought, and given with all kindness by the authorities, for her to be laid in the military cemetery, a quiet sunny spot, walled round by low hills, where, according to her own wish, those for whom she gave the last years of her life will be able to come and see her grave. It lies just within the gate, on a spot sloping towards the south, half-way up the hill-side, where the sun will touch it almost all day,—a fit resting-place for her whose whole life was lived so much in the light of eternity; fitting too that as a soldier's wife it should be among soldiers that the body waits for the voice of the archangel and the trump of God.

“Those among the many who loved her who were able to come to her funeral, assembled at the Mission Hall before eleven o'clock on Tuesday morning. Many officers now in camp were present, among them General Sir Hope Grant, G.C.B., commanding the division, attended by his aides-de-camp, Colonel Gamble, A.Q.M. Gen.; Colonel Cameron, 4th Regt.; Major Noble, R.E., and Major Gossett, R.E. Besides these were other friends from a distance—Lord Radstock, Mr. Robert Baxter, Colonel Oakes, Colonel Wyatt, Major Brooke, Colonel Holden, Mr. Henry Thompson, and others, who had been her fellow-labourers in the gospel of Christ, and who had formed her friendship when stationed here in former years. The service was read by the Rev. W. Haslam, two or three of the chaplains to the forces and the clergyman in temporary charge of the living of Aldershot, being also present in the cemetery.

“As there happens to be no building attached to the military cemetery, it was arranged that the earlier part of the service should be read in the large hall, where the coffin, which for some days had rested in the class-room, was placed, and when all were gathered, they listened to those words which the Church of England has so appropriately selected as the key-note to guide the hearts which sorrow not without hope—‘I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord.’ And then having heard His voice, it seemed as though she who was gone spoke, saying, ‘I know that my Redeemer liveth,’ whilst they who had been privileged to see her work of faith and labour of love and patience of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ, could

truly answer back and say, 'Blessed be the name of the Lord.' All must have felt too that being dead she yet spoke to us as her last message in the closing words of the resurrection chapter, 'Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, immoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.' Ah, how truly she must know that now !

"Then in the pause, whilst we waited expecting the ordinary bearers to come forward, the eight soldiers who filled the front row stood up and gathered round the coffin—her own children in the faith—standing there with a sort of quiet appropriation which must have touched many hearts. Not one hired hand lifted her, for with one exception, each of these Christian men owed to her not only unnumbered kindnesses, but 'his own self beside,' and very reverently and lovingly these 'devout men carried her to her burial.'

"There was only a plain hearse and six mourning-coaches, with four engineers walking beside each, Sir Hope Grant's carriage, and a long train of followers on foot, five or six abreast, mostly officers and soldiers, but also a good many of the women belonging to Mrs. Daniell's mothers' meeting.

"When the pall was removed, the flowers which had covered it were laid upon the coffin, and they were lowered with it by the soldiers into the grave, preaching their silent lesson of the resurrection of the body and the life of the world to come. While standing round the open grave, Mr. Haslam spoke a few words, and then read the remainder of the service.

“ And so all came away, feeling that it was not herself whom we had left there, but only the dress which she had laid aside for a time, till in clothing of wrought gold and in the fine linen which is the righteousness of saints, she shall enter into the King’s palace and join the blessed company which shall be presented to the Father by the King Himself, saying, ‘ Behold, I and the children whom Thou hast given Me.’ ”

‘ Then cheerly to your work again,
With hearts new braced and set
To run untired love’s blessed race,
As meet for those who, face to face,
Over the grave their Lord have met.’ ”

We love to think that in that “ entrance ” which was “ ministered unto ” her “ abundantly into the everlasting kingdom ” there were some of her children in the faith waiting to bid her welcome. For us the sorrow and anguish of parting, for them the comfort and felicity of everlasting reunion. And perhaps, as they wait up yonder for the unfolding of the palace gates, when “ the Lord my God shall come, and all the saints with Him,” and commune together of the wonders of His grace and goodness in the past, it may be that they also still watch with deep untiring interest the progress of His kingdom here on earth.

Before my mother’s death one and another had been called home. As far as we know, the first for whom the King’s messenger came was one who,

with her husband, had been brought to God through attending the services soon after the Hall was first opened, and later on they both came to us as servants. Her bright cheery ways made her a great acquisition, and we hoped that we were settled with those who would be a real help in the work. But God saw fit to order otherwise. After a short illness she was taken from the earthly service to the heavenly rest—happy and bright through all her sufferings, and at length departing with the joyous utterance on her lips, “Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!”

Another, an officer, who comes distinctly before me, died about two years afterwards.

I can picture him now as he said “Good-bye” to me one day in July 1868, looking in perfect health and in joyous spirits, as he was off for his long leave, first to London and then abroad. “Good-bye,” he said; “good-bye; and if we never meet here again, we shall be sure to meet up there.”

Such words are often said at parting, and after the response was given I never heeded them again till the sad after circumstances recalled them. He left us on the Tuesday; the following Saturday week, in the coldness and stillness of death, his body was laid to rest for its last long sleep—for he too had gone in to “see the King.”

An attack of scarlatina came on almost imme-

diately after he left us. We suppose he must have taken the infection even before he left Aldershot, while visiting the poor people of his district.

He had been drawn to the Hall by a brother officer's repeated invitation to come to the service. On the very first night God met with him and showed him himself; and a few days afterwards, in a conversation with Mrs. Daniell, he was brought into peace, and led to entire consecration of heart and life. The question which seemed to bring him to the real point of decision was whether he should go to the Derby or not. I think the use of the very simple argument, "What would the Lord Jesus do?" enabled him by God's grace to see distinctly what was the right course for him to pursue; and from that day onwards we may truly say his path was as "the shining light, shining more and more unto the perfect day." When the summons came there was nothing left to do—neither doubt nor fear shadowed the closing hours of that bright young life, but happy in the assurance of "how sure and certain his salvation was," he passed away, his last conscious words spoken to his mother being, "Don't prevent my going home."

Such a death at the early age of twenty-two, and with every prospect of earthly enjoyments before him, needs no comment. He too had learned the secret that "to depart and to be with Christ is far better."

“ For ah ! the Master is so fair,
His smile so sweet to banished men,
That they who meet it unaware
Can never rest on earth again.”

“ My dear Saviour ! ” were the dying words of another officer, as he passed through the valley of the shadow of death. With what comfort they sounded in the ears of the sorrowing wife, as she watched at his bedside.

“ We often said,” she wrote, in her account of his death to my mother, “ that we could never thank and praise God enough for taking us to Aldershot. In York his sufferings had been very great. He often feared death, and wondered what would become of him. You, dear Mrs. Daniell, were the instrument in God’s hand to show us the provision He had made in His love and mercy for lost sinners. My dear husband ever remembered this.”

I will now give one or two instances of later years. The news of the first came to me a few months ago, in a letter from a friend who was superintending the Plymouth Home.

“ Another of the Mission children is ‘ safe home ’—so long ago as last April—Serjeant H—— of the 16th. A 16th serjeant and his wife are here on furlough, and seem to delight in coming to the meetings. His name is C——; I don’t remember him at all. He says he was only in the little Home four or five times, and it

may not have been in my days. I asked after H——, and he said he died in the spring. You may imagine how anxiously I asked the next question. He said, ‘So happy, so very happy.’ You remember he didn’t go on very well after he was made serjeant, but C—— says he was all right for long before his death. He was, I think, seven months in hospital, and was wasted to nothing, but ‘so happy.’ It has made me feel what a call it is not to lose an opportunity. I don’t know if you remember about his conversion; it was quite one of the most sudden I ever remember. Indeed, really, as I look at it, I don’t think I recollect another so sudden. I had been speaking one Sunday afternoon about the broad and narrow way; yes! and I remember too, now, how his very coming had hung on what seemed a chance. After the meeting the previous night he had come up the stairs; I am not sure that he even went into the reading-room. I went after him when he was half way down again, and begged him to come the next day, and it was after that Sunday meeting that I spoke to him, and asked on which road he was? He said, ‘I am afraid the wrong one.’ I don’t think I said above three sentences about the door into the right way being Christ Himself. Would he not go? ‘Yes.’ ‘When?’ I remember he answered with such unusual decision, ‘Now!’ We knelt down at once, and I believe the matter was then and there settled. It’s just what Mr. Scott was saying last night—‘It’s not time that’s wanted, but decision.’

“When H—— was dying, he had his Bible on the bed, and a little book on it with ‘Jesus loves me’ in it,

H—— kept repeating those words over and over again. 'Jesus loves me! Jesus loves me! I'm going to Jesus!' with the happiest smile on his face.

"There was another man named Y—— standing by, and at last he felt he couldn't stand it any longer, and went away. After a time he came back again, and then he found H—— going on just the same. His poor failing voice, so soon to be hushed in death, bearing his dying testimony, 'Jesus loves me! Jesus loves me!' This was the means of Y——'s conversion; and C—— says he has been very consistent."

Another who has died during the past year was the mother of some of the Band of Hope children attending the Chatham Home. Her husband, a sailor, had been away from her for nearly three years; during a greater part of the time it had been quite a struggle to her to provide for herself and children. She bravely battled on till within a short time of his return, when her previous delicacy increased very much, and she was unable to do anything more. She coughed dreadfully, but the one hope was that she might live to see her husband again. Being suddenly taken very much worse, she began to be in great concern about her soul. She had always been a respectable hardworking woman; but now, when death seemed staring her in the face, she felt how utterly unprepared she was; and the remembrance of an address she had

heard at one of the mothers' meetings, on the wheat and the tares, came back to her with great distinctness. She became so absorbed in this one thought, that she lost all interest in everything; all care in her children and home seemed swallowed up in the one intense anxiety, "What must I do to be saved?"

"I heard that the tares and wheat should grow together, and at the end the tares should be burnt. Oh, if I should be a tare!"

The friend who had given the address went to see her, found her very ill and weak, and most eager to hear what she had to tell her. After a few words Mrs. B—— said,—

"I was brought face to face with my Maker last week, nearer than I ever was before;" and evidently she felt she was not ready.

"You have been a good wife and mother, but that wasn't enough to satisfy you?"

"Oh, no!"

She listened most earnestly as the precious sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ was held up before her eyes. She received it all so simply and rejoicingly that God must evidently have done all the work and prepared her heart. Every now and again as she listened she said, "I see, I see," and then, "How beautiful, how splendid!" The question was asked, "You can rest your soul there?"

“Yes, I can rest there.”

She lingered for several weeks, giving bright testimony of her joy in the Lord, and then still “resting there” she “entered the river.”

“These are they which have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

“Therefore are they before the throne of God.”

I have of course only given a very few instances among numbers of whom I might tell, but I must not write more, as I have already exceeded the limits I had assigned to myself.

Enough has been said to show how graciously God has blessed my dear mother's faithful endeavours, how His guiding hand led and sustained her in the path which He had Himself marked out. Could she have seen on the day when she began her first little cottage meeting at P——, “whereunto this would grow,” she would doubtless have shrunk back appalled; but having been faithful in that which was least, her Heavenly Father committed to her hands a work whose influences have been felt throughout the British army.

This Mission I earnestly commend to the prayerful sympathy of all to whom the work of God is dear. I think I need not say much as to the claims of our soldiers upon us who live here at home, in a peace secured to us by their hardships and dangers.

We who can recall the dreary sufferings of the Crimean winter, and the still more appalling horrors of the Indian Mutiny, the unflinching bravery of Isandlana, and the calm courage of Rorke's Drift, should need no argument to convince us how great is the debt we owe, and no pressure should be needed to induce us to discharge the obligation so indisputably resting upon us.

We have reaped and are continually reaping their carnal things; is it a great thing if we should sow unto them spiritual things?

“If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold we knew it not; doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it? and He that keepeth thy soul, doth not He know it?”

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